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THE

BATTLE

OF

TRAFALGAR.

A POEM.

THE

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

A POEM.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A SELECTION OF FUGITIVE PIECES.

CHIEFLY WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY LAURENCE HALLORAN, D. D.

LATE CHAPLAIN OF THE BRITANNIA, AND SECRETARY TO REAR ADMIRAL THE EARL OF NORTHESK, K. B.

CONAMUR TENUES GRANDIA.——HORACE.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written on the Scene of Action, shortly after the Achievement of the GLORIOUS VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR, which it is intended to commemorate:—but, the Author's Absence from England has unavoidably prevented its earlier Publication; which has been farther retarded, since his Return, by severe domestic Afflictions.

It will not, he hopes, be considered presumptuous in *him*, or uninteresting to the Public, —if he beg leave to add, "that the Production, "now offered to their Notice, and soliciting their "candid Indulgence, has been honored by the "most flattering Approbation of the surviving "Admirals, the Lords COLLINGWOOD and the "Earl of NORTHESK, as well as of several other "distinguished Officers of the British Fleet, "who participated in the Glory of that unparal-"leled Victory!

Kotzebue 2 vols. 1795

TO

ELIAB HARVEY, ESQ. M. P.

REAR-ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE;

AND LATE CAPTAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP, THE

TEMERAIRE.

SIR,

WHEN on the ever memorable twenty-first of October, I saw you place the TEMERAIRE between *two* of the Enemy's Line of Battle Ships, and capture them both, I exultingly said to myself, "This is truly a brave Man!"

At the various Courts-martial, which I have attended, and upon which you have sate, as a Member of the Court, I have been no inattentive Observer of your Judgment, and Discrimination, in investigating Truth:—nor have I been unaffected by the Mildness, and Humanity, you have invariably exhibited towards the unfortunate Prisoners! On such Occasions my Heart has again suggested, "This is truly a benevolent, good Man!"

To such a Character it has been my Ambition to address this Poem,—*uninfluenced by the Bias of private Friendship, or personal Intimacy*:—and by such In-

ducement, strengthened by the Consideration, that it is a faithful Record of Achievements, " quorum pars magna fuisti ;" I am encouraged to place the Publication under the Protection of your Name;—assured, that, though it cannot confer, it must receive Distinction, if honoured by the Patronage of a " brave and good Man!"

I have the honour to be, Sir,

With great truth and Respect,

Your very faithful, and

Obedient humble Servant,

L. H. HALLORAN.

Bath, 20th Aug. 1806.

THE

BATTLE

OF

TRAFALGAR.

WHILE Gaul's proud Despot, with insatiate hands
Wastes prostrate Europe's subjugated lands;
And bids his blood-stain'd hordes, thro' realms afar
" Cry Havoc, and let slip the Dogs of War;"
Britannia's Genius, with indignant eyes,
The Tyrant's impotence of Rage defies;
And while, disdainful of his phrenzied boast,
She spurns Invasion from her menac'd Coast;
And sends her dauntless Squadrons o'er the main,
To scourge her Foes, and vindicate her Reign;
She sees with joy, where'er her Banner spreads,
Glad Conquest, hov'ring o'er her Heroes' heads!

Oh! could I grasp the bold Mæonian lyre,
Or catch one ray of Pope's poetic fire;
With pride and transport should my willing hand
Record the triumphs of my native land;
And, while my Muse should pour in rapid stream,
Strains, not unworthy of th' inspiring theme;
Her kindling pow'rs should with the subject rise,
And raise the British Glory to the skies!

Alas! far other scenes the Muses please,
Than the rude roaring of the Winds and Seas;
Far other seats are with their presence bless'd,
Than the sad covert of an heart distress'd;
Which, from each dear domestic comfort torn,
'Mid scenes ungenial, friendless, and forlorn,
A wanderer doom'd by destiny severe,
Sheds o'er departed bliss reflection's tear!

But, tho' o'er boist'rous Waves condemn'd to rove,
And long an Exile from the Muses' grove;
In happier days I woo'd their sacred shades,
And own'd the influence of th' Aonian maids;

With classic lore each early care beguil'd,
And, not unfavour'd, pour'd my woodnotes wild!
Ev'n now, tho' long by cold unkindness chill'd,
I feel my breast with pristine ardour fill'd;
Feel every dormant energy renew'd,
Rous'd by the glorious scenes, so lately view'd;
When Freedom's Sons, on proud Iberia's coasts,
Vanquish'd her vaunting foes' united hosts;
Their baffled Squadrons in glad triumph led,
And o'er their sterns her conqu'ring Ensigns spread!

Is there an heart within a Briton's breast,
With one faint spark of fire poetic bless'd,
This animating theme would not inspire,
Tho' with unequal hand, to strike the lyre?
When *One*, the humblest votary of the Nine,
And long a recreant from their sacred shrine,
Feels a new spirit rush upon his soul,
Whose magic pow'rs each private grief controul;
And teach his hand, spontaneous notes to raise,
To Britain's Glory, and her NELSON's praise!

When France and Spain's defeated Squadrons fled
The force, by brave, but injur'd CALDER led,
With terror wing'd, to Cadiz' port they steer'd,
Inglorious refuge from the Chief, they fear'd!
There long inactive, but secure, they stay'd;
And ignominious, pent by close blockade,
Before their port, with frustrate rage, descry'd
A British Fleet, of strength inferior, ride!
Twice had the Moon her various phases worn,
And still the Foe sustain'd the British scorn;
Still, in base sloth confin'd, their Fleets remain'd,
Tho' urg'd by Honour, more by Fear restrain'd!
When lo! glad Signals, tho' unhop'd, express'd,
(While pour'd new transport thro' each Briton's breast,)
The joyful tidings,—" that the hostile force,
" Their Port forsaken, steer'd a southward course!"

And now the great, th' important Morn arose,
Bright, as unconscious of th' impending woes;
The orient Sun in cloudless Æther hung,
And o'er the Waves his radiant splendours flung;

Whose surface with reflected crimson blush'd,
To calm repose by gentlest Zephyrs hush'd!
When, in the gay Horizon widely spread,
The proud Armada giant shadows shed:—
Eighteen tall Ships tri-colour'd Ensigns rear;
With Spain s proud Banners spread, fifteen appear,
Who, courting with extended wings the breeze,
In silent grandeur glide along the Seas!
With joy, the dauntless British Hero view'd,
And with impatient speed their track pursued;
His Genius, by no servile rules enslav'd,
Grasp'd each event, and every danger brav'd;
Prompt in decision, vigorous in command,
He boldly acted, what he wisely plann'd;
Tho' twice twelve Ships alone compose his Line,
Which to extend, three smaller Vessels join;
Secure of British Valour, spurning Fear,
Nor force, nor numbers check his bold career;
Inur'd to combat, and on fire for Fame,
With him, "to fight, and conquer were the same!"

At that dread moment, o'er the ruffled deep
The Muse beheld a sudden whirlwind sweep;
From the south-east a cloud appear'd to rise,
And with foul vapours blot the orient Skies;
O'er Calpe's summit wreaths of smoke ascend;
Thence to tall Abyla's steep height extend;
While o'er the Strait increasing darkness spread,
And wrapp'd in deep'ning gloom each mountain's head!
At length condens'd, a monstrous shape appear'd,
And high in air his form gigantic rear'd;
Athwart the Deep the vast Colossus strode;
Each mountain groan'd beneath th' enormous load:
Round his huge limbs an heath-green vest was flung,
And, on his arms strong chains of iron hung;
His sable brows a snow-white turban press'd,
Deep scars entrench'd his visage, and his breast;
Above the clouds his head terrific tower'd,
On whose dark front, Revenge and Envy lour'd;
His eyes flash'd fire, while with a voice profound
He spoke; awed Nature trembled at the sound!

"Ye Sons of Britain!" (thus the phantom said,
"Who dare with dauntless keel my reign invade;

" At length, my centenary sleep I burst,
" And, rising from my prison-house, accurst;
" To you, in thunder, fearful truths disclose,
" And spread the tissue of impending woes!
" In me, the Genius of the Rock behold;
" Who, long by your usurping Pow'r controul'd,
" In her dark caverns chain'd, have groan'd beneath,
" Condemn'd by Fate, to feel the chill of Death;
" And, in her loathsome womb compell'd to lie,
" Bereft of pow'r, tho' destin'd not to die!
" Now, by th' Eternal's high decree I rise,
" To blast with scenes of woe your aching eyes,
" And dash the Cup of Bliss, his favour fills,
" With tenfold griefs, and aggravated ills!
" This day, His all-disposing Will decrees
" To you, th' unrivall'd Empire of the Seas;
" But, while o'er hostile fleets of France, and Spain,
" Your arms a glorious conquest shall obtain,
" Their haughty banners from their standards tear,
" And o'er them Britain's tow'ring Ensign rear;
" To me devote,—your Hero's life belongs,
" A victim, due to my unsated wrongs

" Nor He alone shall for my rage suffice;
" *Two* other Chieftains, fam'd for bold emprize,
" And many an hecatomb of British ghosts
" With him shall perish, on these hostile coasts!
" Nor shall the ships, your toils, and courage gain,
" Be borne in safety o'er the wint'ry main;
" But, by the rage of brooding tempests tost,
" And wreck'd upon th' Iberian shores, be lost!
" Four only, sav'd from all the captur'd fleet,
" Britannia's coasts shall with glad triumph greet;
" While, from your hands an equal number fled,
" By gallant STRACHAN shall to her ports be led;
" The rest—by fire, by waves, and rocks consum'd,
" To perish on these hostile shores are doom'd!
" Thus, to your joy shall tenfold grief succeed,
" While your Great Chief shall on my altar bleed;
" And ev'n the vanquish'd shall respire again,
" Their scourge, and dread, the mighty NELSON slain!"

Thus spoke the Monster with terrific yell;
Then sunk, reluctant, to his destin'd cell;

Where, torpid, in the rock's dark caverns laid,
Black night involv'd him in her sable shade!

Now from the Balance, the bright orb of day
Pour'd on the Scorpion his declining ray;
When, as he proudly climb'd his mid-day height,
The hostile fleet commenc'd a distant fight:
Their Rear, in semilunar curve dispos'd,
To meet th' approaching British Squadron clos'd;
And as more near on shadowy wings they came,
The adverse cannons, belching smoke, and flame,
Pour'd globes of thunder on th' advancing foes,
And rain'd an iron Tempest, round their prows!
Brave COLLINGWOOD, a Chief in battle tried,
Led the huge SOVEREIGN thro' the yielding tide;
Serenely dreadful, and resolv'd, as fate,—
In silent pomp he mov'd,—and awful state;
Nor,—tho' his ship—a sixfold fire sustain'd,
Once to return the distant thunder deign'd!
Thus, when the lordly Savage,—from his den
Rous'd by th' invading shouts of dogs, and men,

Stalks on, majestic, to his destin'd prey;—
He hears, disdainful, their remoter bay;
But, when more near his daring foes surround,
With force resistless fells them to the ground,
With temper'd rage on their whole battle flies;
And, where he turns, the rout retires, or dies!

So, while the foe their distant thunder pour'd,
No answering thunder from the SOVEREIGN roar'd;
But, when more near, pregnant with death, she drew,
And turn'd her dreadful broadside to their view;
Such peals of thunder,—such incessant showers
Of balls of iron—on her foes she pours;
That, soon, the lofty masts asunder torn,
In crashing ruins o'er their sides were borne;
And, while dire carnage clogs their crowded decks,
And their hulls float,—ungovernable wrecks,
They Britain's ensigns o'er their own display,
And to superior valor yield the day!

As thus in glory's path the SOVEREIGN leads,
With equal ardor the BELLEISLE succeeds;

Her radiant sides emit destructive flame,
And, in loud peals her dreadful course proclaim;
While, as along the line her thunders spread,
Each foe submitted, or inglorious fled!

With equal courage, but inferior speed,
The mighty DREADNOUGHT seeks bright honor's meed;
While conscious valor warm'd each manly breast,
With crowded sails—her Chief to combat press'd;
What grief did each indignant bosom feel,
While her slow progress mock'd their eager zeal!
At length, within the blazing line receiv'd,
Soon, their lost time her gallant crew retriev'd:
From weaker ships their Leader turn'd his prow;
"The dauntless seaman claim'd an equal foe!"
Where proud GRAVINA's lofty flag was rear'd,
The strong ASTURIAS to his wish appear'd:
But, ere her tow'ring foe the DREADNOUGHT clos'd,
The bold ST. JUAN too rashly interpos'd:
Enrag'd, the warrior's intercepted ire
Bursts on the daring foe in storms of fire;

Whose force resistless while ASTURIAS flies,
ST. JUAN remains the valiant victors' prize!

While thus the Rear in dreadful conflict vied,
And streams of blood defac'd the azure tide;
The daring Van the godlike NELSON led,
His country's pride, and of her foes the dread;
His conquering flag aloft by VICTORY worn,
As Glory's beacon for his fleet was borne;
And, ere the line his following squadron broke,
In mystic numbers to their crews he spoke:
" England this day claims from each filial heart,
" That every Briton acts a Briton's Part!"

Ye pamper'd sons of luxury, and pride,
Whose days thro' pleasure's flowery mazes glide;
Whose selfish hearts the patriot's labors scorn,
And deem,—" You for yourselves alone were born;"
Who hear, by no congenial feelings warm'd,
The wonders, British seamen have perform'd;
Ah! had you view'd with me, what scenes appear'd,
When their lov'd Chief's emphatic words were heard;

Seen their fierce eyes with valor's lightnings bright,
Their keen impatience for the promis'd fight;
Seen NELSON's spirit with his words go round;
And men grow heroes at th' inspiring sound;
Your torpid souls had caught the glorious flame,
And glow'd like their's—for Victory and Fame!

Now, as an eagle pouncing on his prey,
The dauntless Hero urg'd his rapid way;
With answering fires th' expecting foe engag'd,
Where the fight burn'd, and where the mightiest rag'd.
And while, tremendous, thro' the subject tides
With daring keel the tow'ring VICTORY rides,
Her Guardian Genius, eagle-plum'd, appears,
And points the thunder from her flaming tiers!
From either side such fiery torrents pour,
Both air, and ocean trembled at the roar.
Th' aspiring masts, the sides of solid oak,
In vain resist the oft repeated stroke;
These, pierc'd with thousand wounds, above, beneath,
Upon their trembling inmates let in Death;

While *those*, chain'd thunderbolts resistless sweep,
And spread, in pond'rous ruins, o'er the deep!

Here gallant HARVEY, emulous to dare,
To battle leads th' adventurous TEMERAIRE;
And, by his Leader's great example fir'd,
To equal fame by equal deeds aspir'd:
Between two hostile ships of mighty force,
Th' intrepid Hero steer'd his daring course;
This—o'er her stern the Spanish standard bore,
That—the tricolour'd flag of Gallia wore;
Between—Britannia's conquering ensign blaz'd;
Whose sons with transport on the conflict gaz'd.
Fierce was th' unequal fight, and long, and dire,
Their touching muzzles answering fire for fire:
Fate o'er the scene her sombre pinions spread,
Beneath whose shade innumerous Heroes bled!
Thus long, 'mid smoke, and fire, and blood, they fought,
While deeds of valour either nation wrought:
At length a pause succeeds; a rising breeze
Wafts the dark vapours slowly o'er the seas:

The adverse ships, no more by clouds conceal'd,
To both the Hosts are gradually reveal'd;
Their shatter'd hulls, their flying cordage torn,
Their falling masts, of yards and canvas shorn,—
The streaming blood, that from their scuppers flow'd,
The horrors of the recent conflict show'd!
But soon, (the sight each British bosom cheer'd,)
On either poop their country's ensign rear'd,
High o'er the hostile banners proudly shone,
Glad sign of conquest, by her seamen won.

Thus the fierce vulture, bending from the skies
Two warrior cocks, prepar'd for combat, spies;
With force resistless on the champions springs,
And, hov'ring o'er them with extended wings,
Maugre the courage of each dauntless breast,
Bears them in triumph to his rocky nest!

Hence learn, proud Gaul! by sad experience taught,
The matchless feats by British seamen wrought,
Whose humblest sons essay the mightiest deeds,
And rival Heroes, when an Hero leads.

Now, where the mighty TRINIDAD appears,
To close her foe, the warlike NEPTUNE steers;
In vain her bulk the floating castle shows,
And gaping tubes, in four tremendous rows;
Nor giant bulk the British seamen fear,
Nor force superior checks their bold career;
By gallant FREEMANTLE to combat led,
Whose ardent spirit thro' each bosom spread,
Such fires impetuous on the foe they pour,
That soon the hostile cannons ceas'd to roar;
And the brave victors, all resistance vain,
Wav'd Britain's ensign o'er the *PRIDE OF SPAIN!*

Nor less BRITANNIA from each flaming side
On the fierce foe her missile thunders plied;
On her tall mast brave NORTHESK's flag uprear'd,
An angry meteor to their view appear'd;
Whose sanguine cross, unfurl'd by zephyr's breath,
Glar'd on their Fleet, destruction, blood, and death!
High on her deck her noble Chieftain stood,
To guide her progress thro' the scene of blood;

While valiant BULLEN press'd with martial fire,
His zeal to second, and her crew inspire;
Each emulous to lead her on to fame,
And prove her worthy of her glorious name!
Now, bursting thro' the centre of the foes,
On either side such storms of shot she throws,
Dismay, confusion, seize their scatt'ring Fleet,
Who urge on Terror's wings their swift retreat.
Yet, from the torrent of incessant fire,
With headlong speed while numerous foes retire,
The mighty BUCENTAURE dismasted lay,
And to the victor fell—a sinking prey;
While o'er her stern the crew a signal wav'd,
And from their gen'rous foe forbearance crav'd.

While thus both fleets with untam'd fury fought,
Like deeds of arms thro' all the line were wrought;
With desp'rate rage contend the baffled foes,
And ship to ship, and man to man oppose;
While such firm prowess ev'ry Chief display'd,
As on his arm the poise of battle weigh'd.

Had an hundred tongues my theme to swell,
And every Briton's noble daring tell,
An hundred tongues, inspir'd, would prove too few,
To give each combatant a warrior's due!
Yet well each ship, that Britain's ensign wore,
Maintain'd the honour of the flag she bore,
Her adverse ship with equal zeal assail'd,
Nor ceas'd the combat, till her arms prevail'd.
Thus, by *His* Spirit warm'd, each British breast
Obey'd his godlike Leader's last behest;
And to his Country bade his trophies tell,
" That all her sons achiev'd their duty well!"

And now, attracted by the western wave,
The Sun declining, lengthen'd shadows gave;
By slow degrees the thund'ring peals subside,
And in reverberating echoes died:
The winds respire; condensing to the skies
In sable clouds the nitrous vapours rise;
And, from each host, in deep'ning shade, conceal
Fair Vesper's blushes with an ebon veil.

But, thro' the twilight's doubtful shades appear'd
Ten hostile vessels, that north-eastward steer'd,
While four, ill-fated, from their conqu'ring foes,
With equal terror, southward turn'd their prows;
(These, doom'd no more a friendly port to gain,
To fearless STRACHAN a destin'd prize remain!)
Vanquish'd and shatter'd, as from fight they fled,
Sunk was each heart with palpitating dread,
And, while they crowd their sails, in every wind
They hear the storm of battle roar behind!

'Mid the victorious Fleet, an helpless prey,
Torn and dismasted, nineteen captures lay;
Their hulls immense in floating ruins spread,
Sad prisons of the dying, and the dead;
And, while the ocean blush'd with streams of blood,
The frequent corse flash'd in the sanguine flood;
And groans of death, and shrieks of wild affright,
By turns appal'd the wounded ear of night.

Now from the cloudy margin of the deep,
Sudden, a globe of fire appear'd to sweep;

With terror and surprise, both hosts perceive
" A second Sun, risen on the brow of eve!"
While, as they gaze around with anxious eyes,
The sanguine orb assumes a larger size,
And, from its centre, in increasing gyres
Emits thick flames, and undulating fires!
Too soon, the victors and the vanquish'd knew
An hapless ship, and her deserted crew,
Involv'd in flame, and from the danger near,
Unsafe within its dreadful influence, steer.
Ev'n then, tho' Nature's eldest law withheld,
Tho', big with death, the horrid prospect swell'd,
Britain's bold sons, as merciful as brave,
The victims from impending fate to save,
Thro' waves, thro' fire, with prompt assistance came,
And rescued numbers from th' invading flame.
Yet, ere success their godlike efforts crown'd,
While yet their barks the blazing wreck surround,
To her dark womb the flames encroaching crept,
Where, in deep shade, destructive Nitre slept;
Sudden her frame a dire explosion tore,
And shook Heaven's concave with th' enormous roar:

The trembling waves recede beneath her keel,
And Ocean's depths the dread concussion feel;
While, borne impetuous thro' the troubled air,
Like threat'ning meteors, blazing fragments glare;
Then a red column, tow'ring to the skies,
In dreadful grandeur slowly seem'd to rise;
While frequent coruscations from its side,
Like lightning's flashes, spread their terrors wide,
Till in one fiery shower it fell, combin'd,
And to a pitchy cloud the air resign'd!

Now "night's still noon," array'd in darkness, rose,
The wearied crews, alternate, claim'd repose;
Alone, brave HARDY's eyes rejected sleep;
The soften'd Chief, in secret, wak'd to weep:
Heart-rending sighs, moist with the frequent tear,
The cold breeze wafted to the night's dull ear;
While his wrung heart with hopeless anguish bled,
His matchless Friend, the godlike NELSON dead!

Him, dauntless Chief! some envious dæmon view'd,
As in the blazing Van he glory woo'd;

And from the foe's high top, with rage inflam'd,
Pregnant with fate, the deadly tube he aim'd;
Bright Victory's Genius, hov'ring o'er his head,
His silky wings before the Hero spread;
In vain! resistless Pow'r impell'd the ball,
And Hell's dark agent triumph'd in his fall;
His manly breast the death-wing'd bullet tore,
And to the seat of life fate's mandate bore!
Then gushing grief on ev'ry brow appears,
While pitying Angels blend celestial tears:
Alone resign'd, compos'd, the Warrior seem'd;
While from his eye divine complacence beam'd;
Yet, the sad scene ere Death's grim spectre clos'd,
Again bright Victory's Genius interpos'd;
Waves his resistless spear athwart his way,
And from the tyrant intercepts his prey;
His glowing plumes around the Hero press'd,
Plac'd his expiring head upon his breast;
There, the sooth'd Chief effus'd his latest breath;
" The arms of Victory—for the arms of Death!"

This fatal loss while gallant HARDY moan'd,
And, thro' the midnight-watch in secret groan'd;

Sudden, he views before his wond'ring eyes,
The glorious Spirit of his Hero rise!
Larger than life was seen the mighty Shade,
In Heav'n's celestial panoply array'd;
Eternal laurels twine around his brow,
And stars ethereal on his bosom glow:
Awhile in silence o'er his friend reclin'd,
(Each softer feeling rising in his mind,)
While pity, and esteem divide his breast,
He thus the Partner of his Fame address'd:

" Forbear, my friend! your fruitless grief forbear,
" Nor cloud the brow of Conquest with a tear!
" Tho' Heaven's high will our long-tried friendship rend,
" Not grief, but triumph should my fall attend:
" For, not untimely is the Warrior's fate,
" Who fame, and safety, leaves his parent state;
" Nor prematurely can *His* death be sent;
" The longest life is that most nobly spent.
" Think then, your Friend, (and think with conscious pride,)
" Nor liv'd inglorious, nor inglorious died:
" For his lov'd country, think, thro' life he fought;
" And, in her cause, fell as an Hero ought!

" Know too, (each still repining thought to check,)
" That issuing from the mangled body's wreck,
" The souls of Patriots, and of Heroes rise
" To life, and bliss immortal in the skies!
" Then mourn not,—that exchang'd for toils, and cares,
" Your Friend unfading joys, and honours shares;
" 'Mid British Chiefs, and Warriors far renown'd,
" With youth renew'd, and deathless glory crown'd.
" There the fam'd Chief, who fell in dreadful fight,
" A Victor—on the bleak Canadian Height;
" There the bold Veteran, Britain's later boast,
" Who dying—triumph'd on Aboukir's coast;
" There—brave, ill-fated *PARKER's Shade is bless'd;
" And HOWE's and DUNCAN's mighty Spirits rest!
" There too, when Fate his valued breath demands,
" A glorious throne for great ST. VINCENT stands;
" And there, my Friend! when life's last pulse has beat,
" Your's with your NELSON's Shade again shall meet.
" Yet, tho' to Me these recent joys are given,
" My anxious soul reverts to earth from heaven;

* The Hero of the Dogger Bank, and Father of the present gallant Admiral of the same name; who unfortunately perished, on his passage to assume the Command in the East Indies, in 1782.

" Feels heaven itself—not unmix'd bliss impart,
" While Love and Friendship cling around my heart;
" Feels, not unmov'd, those tenderest ties disjoin'd,
" But casts a fondly-ling'ring look behind!
" And oh! indulg'd by Fate's benign decrees,
" Oft shall my Spirit hover o'er the seas;
" O'er my lov'd friends from clouds of æther bend;
" And pleas'd, behold my country's fame extend!
" Cease then to mourn; and with attention hear
" My last request, and to your Leader bear;—
" Tell the brave Chief, who to my pow'r succeeds,
" (My Friend, and Second in adventurous deeds,)
" To Him, my faithful followers I commend,
" And claim in Him—a Patron, and a Friend!
" Tell him—his NELSON's bleeding, anxious breast
" Commits to him, this sacred, last bequest;—
" In Glory's path my young Élèves to lead,
" To crown their merits with distinction's meed;
" To teach them, in their Country's Cause to dare,
" By their brave deeds repay my fost'ring care;
" And, by His great example form'd, to try
" Like *Him* to conquer, or like *Me* to die!

" And now, farewell! this tide of grief controul;
" Collect your firmness, and our friends console;
" To my brave suff'ring Seamen comfort speak,
" And dry the tear of anguish on their cheek;
" Reviving spirits thro' each bosom spread;
" Inspire the Living, and revenge the Dead!"

On his mild brow while play'd a smile serene,
And his eyes linger'd on each well-known scene;
From his friend's view the vision slowly fades,
And the thin form blends with surrounding shades!

On his awed mind as mix'd emotions press'd,
The pensive Hero eas'd his anxious breast.

" 'Tis true! 'tis certain! after death survives
" Th' ethereal spark—th' immortal Spirit lives.
" To kindred dust tho' man's frail frame retires,
" A Phœnix springs from life's extinguish'd fires;
" Spurns the base earth, and seeks the bright abodes,
" His native sphere,—a God among the Gods!

" Ah! curs'd Philosophy! whose,baneful breath
" Blasts the proud hope, that triumphs over death,
" Sinks God's bright image to the worms, that creep,
" Consigns the spirit to eternal sleep;
" Chains to the earth a Being, form'd to rise,
" And, leagu'd with hell, defrauds him of the skies!
" Hence, vain Regrets! soul-chearing Hope, return!
" Cease, struggling Heart! your NELSON's fate to mourn;
" Assur'd, the Brave again shall meet the Brave,
" Where Saints and Heroes live, beyond the grave."

Now, from the eastern wave emerging slow,
As backward to revisit scenes of woe;
(While clouds and storms his genial influence mar,)
The shrouded Sun arose o'er Trafalgar.
Disastrous day! how diff'rent from the past,
Whose opening horrors man beholds aghast!
Where yestermorn two mighty squadrons rode,
In martial grandeur on the tranquil flood;
Now, o'er swoln surges, by the southern gale
At random driv'n, their scatter'd relics sail!

Dismasted hulls are seen on every side,
And groan, and labour thro' the boist'rous tide.
These, as their prows are vainly turn'd to sea,
Insidious shoals attract beneath their lee!
And, heart-appaling sight! the slain—the drown'd,
And wrecks, and corses float, promiscuous round;
While from charg'd clouds the rain incessant flows,
As nature's tears for hapless mortals' woes.

The Victors now, impell'd by anxious care,
Their wounded masts, and shatter'd hulls repair;
Close the wide leaks against th' invading tide,
And, cautious, for the growing storm provide:
Some, more effective, instant signals urge,
To tow the helpless prizes thro' the surge,
With lengthen'd hawsers westward guide their prores,
From destin'd shipwreck, on the hostile shores!
These cares discharg'd, each mournful crew attends
The last sad duties to their slaughter'd friends;
Consigns the bodies to their watery graves,
And blends their streaming sorrows with the waves!

Nurs'd 'mid rude billows, cradled by the storm;
Still their firm souls can feel th' emotion warm;
For still to pity bravest hearts incline,
And, " Valour's breast is Mercy's loveliest shrine!"

Thus, for their comrades while their tears o'erflow'd,
Too active Fame an added pang bestow'd;
When weeping Pity bade her sorrows tell,
How gallant COOKE and DUFF in Battle fell!
Lamented Chiefs! whose Fate too early prov'd,
They died regretted, as they liv'd, belov'd!
But, ah! what equal language can impart
The boundless grief, that wrung each Seaman's heart,
When thro' the Fleet the fatal news were spread,
" Their much-lov'd Chief, their god-like NELSON dead!"
Then, from each bosom burst afflictive sighs,
Then, streams of anguish, gushing from their eyes,
Declar'd, in bitter agony of thought,
" Their glorious Conquest was too dearly bought!"

Yes, lov'd, heroic NELSON! o'er thy Bier
Thy faithful Seamen pour the artless tear;

Feel their stern breasts with pangs unwonted torn,
And, tho' victorious, 'mid their triumph mourn;
While the whole Navy shares their generous pain;
It's truest Friend, it's brightest Glory slain!
Nor less thy Country's griefs thy worth attest;
Her pitying Genius droops her plumed crest,
With mournful cypress twines her laurel wreath,
And weeps bright chrystal on thy urn beneath:
While, from the humblest cottage to the throne,
The Land emits one universal groan!
Not with more grief, with more distracting woe,
Devoted Ilion's tears were seen to flow;
When she beheld, before her sacred wall,
Her bravest Son, her god-like HECTOR fall!
In whom, as in thy noble Breast, combin'd
" The gentlest manners with the bravest mind;
" To whom her safety, and her Fame she ow'd,
" Her Chief, her Hero, and almost her God!"

Yet, NELSON! if unequall'd honours paid,
If deathless praise can soothe thy mighty Shade;

Thy Prince embalms thy Memory with his tears;
Thy grateful Isle a Mausoleum rears;
Crests the tall pile with Glory's brightest wreath,
And bids around perennial fragrance breathe;
While Fame's loud clarion, to each distant zone
Has made thy Name and great Achievements known!
From where the Ganges rolls his ample streams,
To the far goal of day's declining beams;
From realms, by suns of fiercest fervour cross'd,
To polar regions of eternal frost,
Shall thy proud Fame, thro' every age and clime,
Imperishable, mock the rage of Time!
While, ev'n this humble tribute, *FRIENDSHIP* pays,
Too just for censure, tho' too mean for praise,
Grac'd by thy Name, may, not ephemeral, bloom;
But gain one wreath of laurel from thy tomb.

Now good NORTHESK commands, with pious care,
To Heav'n's high Lord to offer praise, and prayer;
Th' assembled Crew attend, the order given,
And raise their hearts, and bend their knees, to Heaven.

When, for themselves preserv'd their vows were paid,
What grateful feelings every breast pervade!
When, for Heaven's blessing on their Country's arms,
A nobler joy each patriot bosom warms;
But, when their lost Companions' fate was mourn'd,
Unbidden tears their manly cheeks adorn'd;
Thro' ev'ry rank the soft infection ran;
Blest marks! that with the *Hero* blend the *Man!*

They next, brave *ROSKRUGE!* lost, lamented Friend!
Pensive, thy last sad obsequies attend:
Thy sacred relics to the deck convey'd,
(Each solemn rite, each funeral honor paid,)
While Grief and Pity every breast divide,
Are plung'd, reluctant, in the foaming tide!

There sunk a Briton, in whose vigorous mind,
Zeal, courage, candour, science, skill were join'd;
Whose bright, tho' brief career will proudly tell,
" He liv'd with honour, and with NELSON fell!"

WAR! fell Destroyer! Heav'n's vindictive scourge!
What red fiends from their iron caves emerge,
Rous'd by thy Voice; with sanguine flag unfurl'd,
Spread devastation through the groaning world;
And, chain'd to wild Ambition's blazing car,
With withering tread God's fair creation mar!
How hast Thou blasted Nature's loveliest scene,
And dyed with gore her vivid mantle green;
Her golden harvests, and her fruits, that bloom'd,
The year's fair promise, ravag'd, and consum'd;
The peasant's cot with rage unpitying burn'd;
From it's proud base the loftier palace spurn'd;
While peopled towns, and fenced cities, raz'd,
In one promiscuous ruin widely blaz'd!
Lo! as th' uncheck'd destruction kindles round,
Pale Europe trembles to her utmost bound;
From Arctic climes, for ever crown'd with snow,
To where Hesperia's softer breezes blow;
From the wild Oby to Iberia's shores,
Hoarse battle brays, and ruin's tocsin roars!
Nor, ev'n to her extended plains confin'd,
To the far eastern, and the western Inde,

Th' insatiate blood-hounds spread their murderous toils,
While shudd'ring Nature from their view recoils!

How weeps the Muse, what anguish'd feelings burst,
When faithful Fancy paints each scene accurs'd,
With which this monster of infernal birth
Afflicts the miserable sons of earth!
Within her ken, when Gallia's ruffian hordes,
With human slaughter reeking on their swords,
Thro' prostrate states force their resistless way,
And hurl wild Vengeance on their hapless prey!
When she beholds the generous Patriot slain,
Sees bleeding Warriors press the crimson plain;
Sees wretched Widows, bending o'er their biers,
With mute Despair, that mocks the aid of tears;
The childless mother, lust-subjected wife,
And violated virgin, loathing life;
And palsied Eld, scarce breathing feeble moans;
And helpless infants, dash'd against the stones!

Such are thy triumphs, *France!* In ev'ry land,
The trophies these of thy wide-wasting hand!

Thy loathed name the sickening earth abhors,
Scourge of her race, and brand of endless wars;
Feels, while thy tyger rage, unsated, raves,
" The worst of tyrants are enfranchis'd slaves;"
And, anxious, waits the great avenging day,
When sacred Justice shall thy crimes repay!
And lo! I see th' impending bolt prepar'd,
The red right arm of angry Vengeance bar'd;
And, while for Thee collected plagues are stor'd,
Stern Retribution whet his keenest sword!

Ev'n now, how low thy vaunted freedom's laid,
" Name of a name, and shadow of a shade;"
While on thy neck a fierce Usurper treads,
And o'er the land his iron sceptre spreads!

Ev'n here, Heaven's retributive pow'r is shown:
" A base Exotic fills the Bourbons' throne!"
These erst, by rage, and mad ambition urg'd,
With fire and sword *His* native country scourg'd;
Spread desolation thro' the groaning Isle,
With patriot-blood manur'd her barren soil;

And o'er the race grim Slavery's fetters flung,
Whence this rank Scion, Gaul's proud Tyrant, sprung!

But, tho' th' exterminating sword is giv'n
This second *Attila*, this scourge of Heav'n;
O'er his sure prey red Vengeance hovers nigh;
" The transient meteor blazes, but to die!"
Destruction, fatal as the Simōōm's breath,
Shall sweep the Monster to eternal death;
While Europe, rescu'd from his iron reign,
Shall wake from bondage, and respire again!

As Calpe's rock, that, tow'ring to the skies,
The force of man, and Nature's power defies,
Impregnable, all human efforts braves;
Spurns from her marble base the foaming waves,
And, tho' around her breast black tempests spread,
Plum'd with eternal sunshine, lifts her head:

So, while around War's dreadful thunders roar,
And suff'ring Europe bleeds at ev'ry pore,

High on a rock, that mocks the madd'ning storm,
Britannia's Genius rears her awful form;
In prospect views proud Gallia's adverse coasts,
And frowns destruction on her recreant hosts!
Round her bright brows ethereal glories wreathe,
And clouds, and tempests vainly rave beneath:
Her strong right hand the mighty trident rears,
Her left, a branch of peaceful Olive bears;
This to her foes the boon of peace extends,
That rules the Ocean, and inspires her friends:
And, while around she turns her beaming eyes,
On every side, she sees her glories rise;
Sees her rich fields with golden harvests wave,
Her daughters lovely, and her warriors brave;
While prosp'rous Commerce, on innumerous wings,
To her throng'd ports the world's wide treasures brings;
Sees prowling War-fiends fly her sacred bounds,
Spurn'd from her shores by adamantine mounds;
Sees Liberty, to other lands unknown,
Fix in her confines her eternal throne;
And, to confirm her reign, sees Glory's star,
With tenfold lustre, beam from TRAFALGAR!

Yet not from conquest joy unmixed springs;
Tho' Triumph rides on Victory's glowing wings,
Tho' smiles and laurels in the van appear,
Sighs, tears, and mournful cypress, close the rear!
Ev'n now, alas! on Britain's conqu'ring shore
How many parents their lost sons deplore!
How many orphans weep their lot forlorn!
How many widows their brave husbands mourn!
How many lovely virgins grieve in vain,
With hearts distracted, for their lovers slain!
While, rudely sever'd Friendship's tenderest ties,
Affection—pity—cloud innumerous eyes:
And mutilated warriors, rack'd with pain,
Yet with firm patience scorning to complain,
Thro' the wide circuit of her Isles appear,
And dim the eye of triumph with a tear.

These, these, ye gen'rous Britons! claim your care,
For *these,* each solace life can give, prepare;
Think, " that the pangs, *their* anguish'd minds endure,
" *Your* freedom, safety, wealth, and lives secure!"

Ah! then, let pity animate each heart,
With active zeal your bounteous aid impart,
To dry the tears, the hapless suff'rers shed,
Console the living, and supply the dead!
Haste, haste! their wants relieve, redress their wrongs;
" To *tardy* kindness *frigid* praise belongs;"
Nor let chill Prudence check your warm career,
For ev'n *Profusion* will be *Virtue* here!

Yet mourn not, Britain! with unceasing grief,
Your fallen warriors, or their matchless Chief;
But, with your sorrows blend a conscious pride,
That, crown'd with glory, in your cause they died!
See too, exulting, in your conqu'ring fleet,
What youthful hearts with emulation beat,
To climb the zenith of bright glory's sun,
And win such wreaths, as gallant NELSON won!
'Mongst these brave youths, their country's rising prop,
Her present solace, and her future hope,
Urg'd by his father's, and his grandsire's fame,
With joy the Muse beholds her ROSEHILL's name!

And, if her vision, with prophetic glance,
Can pierce Futurity's opaque expanse,
She sees for thee, thy happier fates entwine
A fortune, worthy thy illustrious line;
Sees, in long series, gallant deeds prepare
For thee, dear youth! a second TRAFALGAR;
Sees Britain hail, repair'd, her Hero's loss,
And ROSEHILL rise, what godlike NELSON was!

Thou, too, my Son! in honour's lists enroll'd
'Mongst Britain's warriors, in her cause be bold;
But, with firm courage, which no fears controul,
Ah! blend the softer virtues of the soul;
Let Reason calm each turbid passion wild,
Tho' brave, be gentle, and, tho' valiant, mild;
Nor e'er forget, 'mid scenes of martial strife,
The kind endearing charities of life:
Let rigid Honor all your actions guide,
And be your beacon thro' life's stormy tide;
Nor e'er your sword unsheath, whate'er the cause,
But when your own, or country's safety draws;

For, trust Experience for this maxim true,
" The *bravest* spirits are the *gentlest* too !"
When late the conflict rag'd, and by your side,
Gash'd with dire wounds, your gallant comrades died,
How yearn'd my heart, while, dearer than my own,
It trembled for your valued life alone!
And, when the long, the glorious fight was done,
And my arms clasp'd my lov'd, my only son,
What joys it felt, no language can reveal,
Nor any, but a parent's bosom feel!
Judge then by *these*, by ev'ry fond regard,
Your tender years, and blooming youth have shar'd,
Each moral truth, the Muse didactic sings,
From duty, friendship, true affection springs!
Believe, my dearest aim in life pursu'd,
To form you brave, and virtuous, wise, and good;
To see you, (grant me, Heav'n! this highest bliss,)
What NELSON was, and gallant COLPOYS is!

But now the storm, with rising fury swell'd,
The fleet at random o'er the waves impell'd;

And Britain's Chief the frustrate strife resign'd,
Invincible, but by the waves, and wind!
Each effort vain, to friendly ports to tow
The shatter'd trophies of the vanquish'd foe;
He yields, reluctant, to the fire and wave,
The spoils, no human skill had power to save.
(But first the wounded foes, with gen'rous care,
To their own ships the pitying victors bear,
And, while humane regards their wants debar,
Soothe the sad suff'rers for the chance of war.)
Four only sav'd, of all the captur'd fleet,
In Calpe's Bay obtain a wish'd retreat;
There, in the Mole's capacious bosom moor'd,
The wounded barks, from wintry storms secur'd,
Ride safely shelter'd, till the vernal breeze
To Britain's ports invite them o'er the seas.

Ye learn'd dispensers of poetic bays,
Ah! censure not these unaspiring lays;
Alike unknown to Fortune and to Fame,
No patron's smiles, no laurel-wreath I claim;

But, exil'd long from literary ease,
And forc'd, reluctant, on the faithless seas,
Too happy, if to life's approaching close
Relenting Fate a calm retreat bestows;
Where, unobtrusive, from the "haughty Great,"
From "Wealth's contempt," and "Grandeur's idle state,"
With my lov'd children bless'd, I may retire,
And view them, smiling round my evening fire.
There, when I read this rude, incondite lay,
Their fond attentions shall my cares repay;
While my lov'd LAURA, bending o'er the page,
(Pride of my youth, and solace of my age,)
Reverts to long-past sufferings and toils,
And checks a tear, just glist'ning thro' her smiles.
Would pitying Heav'n, for all my grief and care,
(And Heav'n is witness, I have had my share,)
On life's decline a ray of comfort beam,
And realize fond fancy's soothing dream;
Then, the bright evening of a stormy day
Should *injur'd friendship's* poignant pangs allay;
Then, fix'd where vice and folly ne'er intrude,
Obscurely useful, and in secret good,

My heart once more to social scenes might wake,
Once more its lost domestic joys partake:
Ah! then a Monarch's state I could contemn,
And feel more than a Monarch's bliss in them,
Whose love can every absent good atone,
My wealth, their virtues; and their hearts, my throne!

L. H. HALLORAN.

LETTER,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

Britannia, at Sea, Oct. 25th, 1805.

My dear Sir,

With mingled sensations of pleasure and regret, I hasten to inform you of one of the most glorious and decisive, but dearly purchased victories, which has occurred in the Naval Annals of our country. On the 19th instant, the combined fleets of France and Spain came out of Cadiz, intending, as we then supposed, to push for Toulon: but as Lord Nelson (who was cruising between the Capes of St. Mary and Trafalgar, at a considerable distance from their coast,) had stationed a chain of frigates, &c. between his fleet and that of the enemy, from whom he received a daily bulletin of their situation, he was immediately apprized of their movements, and assumed a position with his force, the most favourable for intercepting their passage to the Mediterranean. And so judicious were his arrangements, that early on the morning of Monday the 21st instant, we had the good fortune to fall in with them, with the advantage of the wind on our side; which enabled us to choose our distance, and to bring them to action. Their force consisted of *thirty-three* sail of the line,—ours of *twenty-seven only.*

They waited for us with a firm front, though in an irregularly formed line. About half an hour after noon, Vice-Admiral Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, commenced an attack on the enemy's rear division; and though fired upon in his advance by five or six ships at once, led into action in a most gallant and masterly manner. Our beloved and heroic Commander Lord Nelson, bore down, and attacked their centre with irresistible impetuosity. Without assuming more, than the general suffrage of the fleet will, I believe, admit to be our due, I may assert, that he found in this ship a second worthy of him; and in our noble and justly esteemed Admiral Lord Northesk, a gallant emulator of his great example. The Britannia (old Ironsides, as our brave sailors call her,) certainly did no discredit to the glorious name she bears. She broke through the enemy's line, a-stern of their fourteenth ship, pouring in on each side a most tremendous and destructive fire; and spreading havock and dismay wherever she went. In a few minutes we totally dismasted a French ship of 80 guns, who waved a white handkerchief in token of submission. Leaving her to be picked up by some of our frigates, we passed on to others of the enemy, and continued engaging frequently on both sides, and with two or three at a time with little intermission for nearly five hours. All resistance on the part of the enemy had then ceased. About ten of their ships appeared crowding all sail for Cadiz; four others fled in a direction to the southward; nineteen (among which are the Santissima Trinidada of 140 guns, and the St. Anna of 112 guns,) re-

mained in our possession; one of which blew up almost immediately after the cessation of the action. Such have been the fruits of the victory, with which divine Providence has blessed the British arms; and, I believe, it is without a parallel, even in the annals of our history; though that history presents a splendid tissue of numberless great achievements by British prowess. Prior to the commencement of the action, our illustrious Leader addressed this short but emphatic sentence to his fleet by a telegraphic communication—"England expects that every man will do his duty." How completely our brave fellows have realized their country's expectation, the event will sufficiently demonstrate. The purpose of the enemy was, as I have since gathered from some of their captured officers, to form a junction with the Carthagena squadron, and then to proceed with a large body of troops on some secret expedition, probably to Egypt; the conquest of which, next to his chimerical project of invading England, is known to be the usurper's favourite object. But by this decisive blow, his navy has sustained a loss half a century will not repair, England has added another laurel to her naval crown, and the powers of the continent will feel a new and forcible incentive to a vigorous repression of the tyrant's insults and encroachments. His fleet, I am credibly assured, was in a state of complete insubordination; doubtless ours, as a secondary cause, next to the divine blessing on its exertions, is indebted to the skill of its officers, the exact discipline of its seamen, and the matchless intrepidity of both. The carnage on board the

captured ships is almost incredible; they fought with desperation; neither is our loss small, though by no means proportioned to the length and severity of the conflict. To particularize the conduct of any of our ships, where all were equally emulous to signalize themselves, would be not only invidious, but scarcely practicable, from the limited view I was enabled to take of the combat. Yet I could not help observing, that the Victory, Neptune, and Temeraire, eminently distinguished themselves. The details of our loss, &c. you will more properly and correctly receive from the official dispatches. In this ship we have to lament the fall of a very zealous, intelligent, and valuable officer, in the person of Lieutenant Francis Roskruge; who, after behaving most gallantly in the action, was, towards its close, mortally wounded in the head, and expired the same evening. On Wednesday the last sad obsequies were performed over his body, which was attended to its watery grave by the Admiral, Captain, and officers, with every mark of respect, and with tears of unfeigned regret.

But, alas! my dear Sir, my poor friend is not our only, or our greatest loss. The brave, the amiable Lord Nelson, the idol of the profession, the ornament and defence of his country, the greatest warrior of his age, has purchased, with his invaluable life, the advantages I have recited. He died, as he had lived, an Hero, and in the arms of Victory. A French 80 gun ship closed with his ship in a most determined manner, and from her main-top our loved, incom-

parable Commander was mortally wounded by a musket ball, while in the act of ordering a signal to be made for closer action. His fall has thrown a general sadness over the fleet; and has converted the voice of Triumph into sighs and tears of the deepest affliction. The fellow who wounded him was instantly shot by a Midshipman of the Victory; a poor satisfaction for so incalculable a loss. But our Nelson's merits are indelibly engraven on every British breast; his memory will be immortal; and

> " If there were in Heaven a Throne
> " For the most brave of Men and best of Friends,
> " It was reserv'd for Him."

I am truly concerned to add, that, as if we had been at the same crisis bereft of our good fortune, and the life of our loved Commander, a severe gale of wind arose the day after the action, from the south-west, and still continues; placing us on a dangerous lee-shore, with our prizes dismasted, and so disabled, that I almost despair of our ability to convey any of them to England, as trophies of our victory. One we were obliged to burn last night, after taking out her people: she presented, on blowing up, an awful, and if I may be allowed an apparently contradictory association of epithets, a beautifully tremendous spectacle. Should we unfortunately be obliged to destroy the rest, a grateful country, I feel confident, will amply reward her bravest sons, for the loss of the hardly earned spoils of a victory, by which her security is ascertained, and her glory is raised to its zenith. What adequate honours can she pay

to the relicks of her greatest Hero, who, like the immortal Decii, has devoted his inestimable life to confirm those glorious objects.

I cannot dwell on the affecting subject of the premature fate of this best of Friends, and worthiest of men, without tears; and must therefore close this long letter, by bidding you, for the present, most affectionately, adieu.

NOTES.

Line 54. The force by brave, but injur'd CALDER led.

I HAVE read without prejudice or partiality, and considered with all the attention of which I am capable, the trial of Sir Robert Calder. Certainly, from the evidence, I could not possibly anticipate the sentence. And, *injured*, I cannot but deem an officer, who, though of unquestionable bravery, and having gained an important advantage over a superior force, is yet *severely censured* for *an error in judgment!*—a sentence, which, it might be presumed, a court, composed of men, themselves weak and fallible, would have paused, and seriously indeed deliberated upon, before they thus indelibly placed upon record, *what may hereafter sanction their own condemnation!* For, if an error in judgment be severely censurable, where is the man, however brave, or skilful, or prudent, who, while subject to the failings incident to our nature, may not become obnoxious to a similar sentence?—Byng was sacrificed, and Calder censured, because they were not exempted from human fallibility! Were they not, therefore, evidently the victims, rather of popular prejudice, than of actual demerit? Posterity has too late done justice to the memory of the one; to the other, it is to be hoped, the

general sense of the navy, and of every impartial Briton, has already proved a lenitive for his wounded feelings.

259. Here gallant HARVEY, emulous to dare, &c.

The spirited conduct of this brave and valuable officer was the theme of general praise, and merited admiration, through the British fleet. An extract from the official letter of Vice-Admiral Collingwood is so strongly expressive of his sense of Captain Harvey's distinguished gallantry, that I beg leave to present my readers with a quotation; which must preclude the necessity of farther comment from me, anxious as I am to do ample justice to such an instance of Heroism.

"A circumstance occurred during the action, which so "strongly marks the invincible spirit of British seamen, "when engaging the enemies of their country, that I "cannot resist the pleasure I have, in making it known to "your lordships. The Temeraire was boarded, by accident "or design, by a French ship on one side, and a Spaniard "on the other. The contest was vigorous; but in the "end, the combined ensigns were torn from the poop, and "the British hoisted in their places."

309. Nor less Britannia, from each flaming side, &c.

It having been stated in some of the public prints, that the Britannia, from her heavy rate of sailing, was unable to partake the danger and glory of this great and memorable conflict; it is hoped, the annexed letter to the editor of one

of those papers, containing a statement which challenges contradiction, will counteract the invidious insinuation, and place the conduct of that ship in a more correct point of view.

" To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

" *Britannia, off Carthagena, 8th December*, 1805.

" Sir,

" I have read, with feelings of surprise and indignation, in your papers of the 7th and 8th ult., a pretended account of this ship's position and conduct, on the memorable 21st of October; an account, which ignorance or prejudice has dictated; and which, I aver, in direct terms, is equally false and unjust. It is due to truth, it is due to the injured fame of the officers of the Britannia, to repel such impudent misrepresentation. And I call upon the Captain of the Fleet; I call upon every officer, who fought near the person of the Commander in Chief, to concur in refuting it.

" It is affirmed in your paper, ' that, owing to her ' heavy rate of sailing, this ship was unable to partake in ' the action.' And, in the line of battle which you have published, she is situated the sternmost ship, save one, of the van divison. Each of these statements is grossly incorrect.

" For some time, previously to the day of the battle,

the Britannia had been directed, by the Commander in Chief, 'to assume a position in the order of sailing on his 'weather beam.' On that great day he made her signal, 'to take a station in the line as most convenient.' And shortly after he sent a verbal order, 'to break through the 'enemy's line, astern of the fourteenth ship.' The Britannia was then on the Victory's larboard quarter, distant a short half mile. She followed the gallant Admiral into action; commenced the engagement within ten minutes after him; passed through the enemy's line, as he had directed; and continued engaging, frequently on both sides, for upwards of four hours. She totally dismasted the Bucentaure, who waved a white handkerchief in token of submission; and engaged, and kept at bay, three others of the enemy, who attempted to double on the British van. She had an officer and ten men killed, and forty-two wounded: and her bowsprit, on which depends the security of her masts, so disabled, that it was necessary on her arrival at Gibraltar, to replace it by a new one. It is true, her hull was less damaged, and her loss of men less considerable, than in several other ships; but these are by no means unerring criteria, for estimating the duration or closeness of an action.

"In the detail, too, of the destruction of the enemy's captured ships, the exertions of the Britannia (by some mistake, I presume,) are passed unnoticed; while those of several other ships are particularly marked. Yet, she it was, who destroyed l'Intrepide; after having, in the midst

of a gale of wind, rescued every wounded man on board from destruction, by the undaunted perseverance of her brave officers and seamen; who defied every danger, in the cause of humanity.

" I do not consider it necessary to give my name to the public; but should any gentleman feel interested in this discussion, I can have no hesitation in appearing as the author of it. And, for the satisfaction of any such, I have annexed my address.

" I am, Sir,
" Your obedient humble servant,
" BRITANNICUS."

335. While such firm prowess every Chief display'd,

It would be highly pleasing to me, to do justice to the gallantry of every Commander, *nominatim*, who had a share in achieving this glorious victory; but, as this would necessarily introduce a monotony of description, which could not fail of fatiguing the attention, I beg leave to say, with reference to the selection I have made, *Ex his disce omnes.*

495. To HIM my faithful followers I commend,

The anxious solicitude, with which the truly great and good Lord Nelson studied to promote the interest of his followers, formed a strong trait in his character, equally honourable to his feelings, and worthy of imitation by others.

Never can his premature fate be sufficiently lamented by his protégées, to some of whom it has indeed proved an irreparable loss.

Among these, the case of Messieurs Pollard, Spencer, Felton, and Chappell, late Mates and Midshipmen of the Victory, is marked with such peculiar hardship, that I cannot forbear detailing it to the public, in the hope, that the relation (for the authenticity of which I pledge myself,) may incline some friend to justice, and to the memory of Lord Nelson, (possessing equal zeal, with greater influence, than myself,) to exert that influence, for effectuating his Lordship's declared intentions, in favour of these deserving young officers.

These gentlemen (of whom Mr. Spencer has been severely wounded in the service; and Mr. Pollard had the honour to avenge his noble patron's fall, by instantly shooting the rifleman in the enemy's top, by whom the fatal aim was taken,) had served their time in the navy, and passed for commissions, nearly two years prior to the battle of Trafalgar. Lord Nelson's intention to promote them to Lieutenancies, on the first vacancies, was repeatedly and explicitly avowed, and publickly known in the flag-ship. After his ever to be lamented fall, his successor in command very handsomely removed them into his own ship, with a promise of early promotion. After remaining there seven months, they were informed, "that nothing could be done

" for them; the Admiralty having taken into their own " hands all the promotions to be made, consequently on " the Victory." And they were advised to go immediately to England, to state their claims, and solicit commissions. They accordingly returned home, and presented a memorial to the Admiralty, stating the above circumstances, and requesting promotion; but were informed in reply, " that " all the appointments, in consequence of the battle of " Trafalgar, had been made by the former Naval Admini- " stration." To aggravate the hardship of their case, some other young gentlemen, Midshipmen of the Victory, who returned in that ship to England, and had not even passed on their arrival, have since been advanced to Lieutenancies; while these brave, unfortunate young men, prior in claim, and senior in service, still continue *petty officers*.

In this narrative of facts, I mean not to attach blame to any quarter; neither am I influenced by any, but the most disinterested motives. The parties are almost entire strangers to me; but as the followers of my loved and venerated Lord Nelson, I would proudly testify my unbounded respect for his memory, by proving their friend and advocate, were my power as capacious, as my wishes are earnest, to serve and assist them.

570. How gallant COOKE and DUFF in battle fell.

The Captains of the Bellerophon and Mars, two brave and valuable officers; who, to the deep regret of the navy,

and irreparable loss of their families, were unfortunately slain in this dreadful conflict.

619. Now good NORTHESK commands with pious care.

On the morning after the action, the Rear-Admiral ordered public thanksgiving to God to be offered on board the Britannia, for the signal Victory, with which he had been pleased to bless His Majesty's arms. The whole ship's company attended; and the grateful devotion, and unaffected feeling, they exhibited, were strongly expressive of their sense of his mercy in their own preservation, and of their sympathy with the fate of their fallen companions.

631. They next, brave Roskruge, &c. &c.

This gallant and valuable young officer was Signal Lieutenant to the Admiral; and was so deservedly esteemed by his Lordship, the Captain, and other officers of the Britannia, that they have concurred in subscribing an handsome sum for the erection of a monument to his memory, with the following

INSCRIPTION;
To the Memory
of
FRANCIS ROSKRUGE, Esq.
a Native of this County;
and late a Lieutenant
of His Majesty's Ship BRITANNIA;

a zealous, intelligent, and active Officer;
who,
after having behaved most gallantly
in the great and memorable Sea Fight,
off Trafalgar;
21st October, 1805;
which terminated in a complete and
decisive Victory, by the British Fleet,
over the combined Squadrons of France and Spain;
was,
toward the close of the action,
mortally wounded in the Head,
and expired the same Evening,
in the 30th year of his Age.
His friends and late Shipmates,
The Officers and Petty Officers of the Britannia,
In Testimony of their Esteem for his Merit,
and Regret for his premature Fate,
have consecrated
THIS MARBLE.

" For Thee, while Friendship sheds the pitying tear,
" And kindred feelings deeper sorrows breathe;
" Thy Country's Genius, bending o'er thy bier,
" Twines the sad cypress with the laurel-wreath."

L. H. H.

701. These erst by rage and wild ambition urg'd, &c.

The excesses committed by the French in the reduction

of Corsica under the yoke of their former dynasty, must be fresh in the memory of every one, at all acquainted with the history of that island. Little did the then grand Monarque of the great nation, in the plenitude of power and insolence of triumph, foresee the dreadful retaliation, to be so soon exacted from his family and country, by one of the most despicable natives of that insignificant colony! Yet, another turn of the axis, on which the hand of Providence revolves the succession of human events; and the present blood-stained tyrant of France, who spreads terror and devastation through the continent of Europe, shall lie crushed beneath its pressure—a miserable example of blasted ambition.

784. With joy the Muse beholds her ROSEHILL'S Name! &c.

Lord Rosehill is the eldest son of Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk; a very promising youth, at present serving in the East Indies, under that brave and able officer, Sir Thomas Trowbridge.

808. Gash'd with dire wounds, your gallant Comrades died!

A shot struck the muzzle of the gun on the lower deck, at which the author's son, Lieutenant Halloran of the Royal Marines, was stationed, and split into several pieces; by which five men, who were standing in a line with him, were slain;—himself and a young Midshipman, the son of Dr. Tomkyns of Bath, alone escaping unhurt on that side of the gun, which was split and disabled by the collision.

833. And, while humane regards their wants debar,

The French and Spanish prisoners, on board the different British ships, were treated with the most exemplary humanity, and the most generous attention. The annexed note very handsomely expresses the grateful sentiments of those who were on board the Britannia, and the sense they entertained of the liberal treatment they received.

" PIERRE PEROU, Officier de Marine."

" MON. LE DOCTEUR,

" Je n'oublierai jamais les services que vous m'avez rendu, ainsi qu'à tous mes camarades. Je ne demande qu'une occasion pour vous la témoigner ma vive reconnoissance, ainsi qu'à tous les officiers composant l'Etât Major du Vaisseau de Sa Majesté Britannique la Britannia, de qui nous avons réçu tous les honnêtetés possibles; et que nous quittons avec bien du regret."

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS OF NORTHESK,*

IN TESTIMONY OF HIS UNAFFECTED REGARD,

ESTEEM, AND GRATITUDE;

THE FOLLOWING POEMS,

(SOME OF THEM COMPOSED BY HER LADYSHIP'S DESIRE,)

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HER VERY FAITHFUL, AND

MUCH OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

* *Quâ non præstantior extat,*
Aut Mater, aut Uxor—Virtute, et Mente benignâ.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

WRITTEN ON THE 15TH OCTOBER 1805;

And which was intended to be delivered on Board the Britannia, (where Dramatic Pieces were occasionally performed,) by Lieutenant L. B. HALLORAN, *of the Royal Marines, on the Evening of the very Day, on which the glorious Victory of Trafalgar was obtained.*

MY Lord,—and Gentlemen! (alas! off Cadiz,
How hard it is, we can't address *the Ladies!)*
For, if the *Brave* alone deserve the *Fair*;
Britannia's Sons should surely have their share!
But, since their Valor, though upon record,
Like other Merits, *is its own reward;*
Though female charms inspire us not, again
We welcome *You,* my Lord,—and Gentlemen!
You too, brave Fellows, who the back ground tread,
Alike we welcome—jackets *blue* or *red;*
And humbly hope, that while we give our aid,
To cheer the tedium of a dull blockade;

To banish *Ennui*, for a few short hours;
However feeble our theatric powers,
Our well-meant efforts, to amuse awhile,
Will meet their wish'd reward—*your fav'ring Smile!*

For though, while through our parts we swell and pant,
We stun your *Ears*—with mock-heroic rant;
We trust—to pay *their* suff'rings—through your *Eyes;*
By the bright Splendors of the rich Disguise;
In which our Heroes—(nor let Critics grin,)
Bedight in robes of *Bunting*, lac'd with *Tin*,
As Kings or Emperors—with mimic rage,
Strut their short hour upon *this floating Stage!*

In times of yore, as grave old Authors write,
Poets—possess'd a kind of second sight:
And could (though *entre nous*—'twas all a hum,)
Inform you clearly—*of Events to come!*

Oh! could the Bard, who, to amuse your time,
Has manufactur'd all this doggrel rhyme,
From mortal mists clear his desiring eyes,
And pry into *your* future destinies;

He would foretell (nor ask you, as a charm,
Like other Soothsayers, *to cross his palm*;)
What,—Yes, he feels, *must* on your Courage wait,
An happy fortune, and a glorious fate!
Yes, he foresees (confirm his prospect, Heav'n!)
Yon * coop'd-up Boasters, to your wishes given;
Sees their proud Ensigns from their Standards torn,
Their vanquish'd Navies in glad triumph borne;
Sees added Laurels grace our NELSON's brow,
And Victory hov'ring o'er his glowing prow!
His conqu'ring Banners o'er the waves unfurl'd,
And, *Britain's* Thunder rule the wat'ry world!
If aught of prescience to the Muse belong,
Soon, soon, the scenes, that animate her song,
In glowing colours shall salute your eyes;
And Heav'n shall bid th' auspicious morn arise,
When France and Spain shall be again subdued;
And your brave Leader's Victories renew'd!
Then, to reward your persevering toils,
With honours crown'd,—enrich'd with hostile spoils,

* The combined Fleets of France and Spain, who were blockaded by a much inferior force!

Her bravest Sons'—her guardian Sailors' friend,
Your grateful Country, shall her arms extend!
To greet your glad return with conscious pride,
And, in her bosom bid your cares subside!
And, while our fam'd *Britannia* shall resort,
In awful grandeur—to her wish'd for port,
Her loveliest Daughters shall with pleasure meet,
And bless—the Heroes of the *British Fleet!*
Your Wives, your Children, and your Friends shall come,
With Tears of Joy, to bid you, *welcome home!*
Nor Storms, nor Battle, more your bliss shall mar;
But, *Peace* and *Plenty* crown the Toils of *War!*

EXTEMPORE LINES,

To the Memory of W. H. JERVIS, *Esq. Captain of His Majesty's Ship, Tonnant; who was unfortunately drowned at Sea, (while passing in his Boat to the Commander in Chief's Ship, with Intelligence respecting the Enemy's Fleet,) 25th Jan.* 1805.

——— "Cut off from Glory's Race,
"Which never Mortal was more fond to run!"

WHILE patriot zeal his bosom warms,
Each sense of fear the Hero braves;
Views, unappall'd, the wintry storms,
And, dauntless, rides the billowy waves!

Yet oft, alas! who greatly dares,
Solicits an untimely doom;
And, wayward Fate the Coward spares,
To give the brave Man to the Tomb!

Such, the lamented Scene of late,
The Muse, reluctant, mourn'd to tell;

While every Seaman wept his fate,
As *Pity* sigh'd, how JERVIS fell!

JERVIS!—a name to Britons dear!
And, oh! could Worth, could Courage save;
Cut off in Glory's mid career,
He had not met a wat'ry grave!

Yet Ocean, on whose stormy bed
The gallant Spirit found repose;
The glories of his name shall spread,
Far, as his liquid empire flows!

But, who, alas! thy tragic end
A *Sister's* sorrowing Heart shall tell;
Where all the social Virtues blend,
And Nature's tenderest feelings dwell?

Yet sympathizing Kindness near,
And kindred Love, shall Comfort speak;
While Pity, and Affection's Tear
Shall grace the *Veteran Warrior's Cheek!*

And, if a brave, and generous Mind
A Claim to just Esteem can give;
In every British heart enshrin'd,
JERVIS! thy Memory shall live!

While, rescued from th' unpitying surge,
If Friendship's wish can wrest thy Name;
The Muse, to time's remotest verge,
Shall with St. Vincent's blend thy Fame!

CONSOLATORY STANZAS,

TO MRS. V.

LOVELY Mourner! lovely Mourner!
Comfort could the Muse bestow;
(*Pride* might blame, and *Prudes* might scorn her;)
Yet, for *thee* her strains should flow!

In soft *Pity*'s plaintive dirges,
She, the tragic Tale should tell;
How, beneath the stormy surges,
Lov'd, lamented *Jervis* fell!

He, the bright career pursuing,
Glory opens to the *Brave*;
Fame, through every danger wooing,
Perish'd in the wint'ry wave!

Weep not, lovely Mourner! weep not!
Death is Man's eternal doom!
Yet, immortal Spirits sleep not
In the prison of the tomb!

No! the Shade of thy brave Lover,
From the caverns of the deep,
O'er thy drooping head shall hover,
And forbid his *Fair*—to weep!

Viewless, still he shall attend thee,
With Affection's tender Cares;
Guide, assist, protect, befriend thee,
'Gainst the world's insidious snares!

To thy artless Infants turning,
Let their smiles thy griefs assuage;
Nor destroy, by fruitless mourning,
Who should guide their helpless age!

Bid them, their brave Father cherish,
With Reflection's pensive tear;

Teach them, though a Parent perish,
Memory still should hold him dear!

Teach them (thou, alas! fair Mourner!
Well can'st prove the Tale of Woe,)
" *Fate* denies, to each sojourner,
" Unmix'd happiness below!"

COME, PURCHASE A FAIRING,

&c.

At the annual Fair at Rosehill, the Countess of Northesk and her Daughters not only patronize the Sale of little Works of Ingenuity by the poor Children; but present, frequently, some elegant fancy Pieces, wrought by their own Hands, to be disposed of for their Benefit.

Ye Friends of the Friendless, in village or city,
Whose hearts no cold feelings of selfishness chill;
Awhile leave your cares; and conducted by *Pity*,
The amusements partake of our *Fair* at *Rosehill*.

Yet, mistake not the pleasures, to which we invite you;
Noise, folly, and riot, are banish'd the scene;
But, if Candour, Simplicity, Virtue delight you,
Those three lovely Graces shall sport on the green.

Come, purchase a fairing! their sale is intended
The Naked to clothe, and the Hungry to fill;

Wrought (while Angels with pleasure their labours attended)
By the hands of our amiable friends at *Rosehill.*

Yet, a still nobler view our fair Patron professes,
Than merely weak Nature's first wants to remove;
To teach us, to conquer Life's future distresses,
And in Knowledge and Virtue our minds to improve.

Then, if pleas'd with the end, which her kindness proposes,
Come, purchase a fairing, that end to fulfil;
And, unite in our pray'rs, " that Life's loveliest roses,
" Without thorn, and unfading, may bloom at *Rosehill.*"

TO AN ALIENATED FRIEND.

O THOU! whose friendship, once my pride and boast,
Could every ill assuage, and grief dispel;
Though now (ah! why?) that valued boon is lost,
Take from my sinking heart, a last *Farewell!*

Farewell! and long may health and fortune blend,
To crown with choicest gifts thy smiling years;
While I, in realms remote, without a friend,
Shed, o'er departed scenes, Reflection's *Tears!*

Thou know'st, I scorn'd, though in Life's Vale retir'd,
To court the *Great* with mean or selfish aim;
Nor to thy friendship had my hopes aspir'd,
Till willing condescension gave the claim!

Thy kindness sooth'd me,—words of comfort spoke,
Nor fail'd an open, grateful Heart to gain;
Ah! wherefore are those Ties thus rudely broke,
And burst the finest Links in Nature's Chain!

Favours unsought, unhop'd, thy bounty gave
With liberal hand, regardless of return:
And, ah! now sunk to an untimely grave,
To know an Angel, and her fate to mourn!

Ah! there each Hope was in a moment cross'd,
And Friendship's Blossoms wither'd on her bier;
In her, my Child his kindest Patron lost;
And I—a friend—warm, gen'rous, and sincere!

Yet, if at times, meek Saint! thy hallow'd Shade,
From happier realms regard this earthly spot;
Not, unaffected, are those scenes survey'd,
Those alter'd scenes—of Friendship now forgot!

Oh! no! if after *Death* the Soul preserve
Her tender cares for those, in life belov'd;
The Friends she valued, and rejoic'd to serve,
Betray'd, deserted, can she view, unmov'd?

Yet, for myself no murmur shall be heard,
Nor, shall my heart, though griev'd, presume to blame;

I own, the Friendship by free will conferr'd,
With equal right the Donor may reclaim!

But, for my Child!—ah! there's the deep regret;
Each prospect blasted, and each hope consum'd;
Rais'd, but to *fall*:—and (would, I could forget!)
The Victim of unmanly Rancour doom'd!

Yet, Heav'n is just; and in his destin'd hour
The scene shall change, and *Man* behold, amaz'd,
By sacred Justice' *slow*, but certain pow'r,
Th' Oppressor humbled, and th' Oppress'd uprais'd!

Farewell! and, if deceiv'd, thy Judgment err,
When, o'er thy head, Fate's deep'ning shadows hang;
May'st thou (if haply former scenes recur,)
Reflect on *me* without one conscious pang!

STANZAS

To the Memory of LIEUTENANT PRIEUR, *of the Royal Navy, (a gallant young Officer, and an Elève of the late lamented* CAPTAIN JERVIS,) *who was recently killed in the West Indies, in the act of boarding an Enemy's Privateer.*

WHAT Laurel meed—what deathless wreath,
Should Glory's sacred Muse entwine!
What words of fire—what thoughts, that breathe,
Should swell each bold energic line!
To grace with just applause *his* name,
The gallant candidate for fame,
By JERVIS' great example form'd,
By gen'rous emulation warm'd,
Who, dauntless 'midst the battle's dire alarms, [arms!
Fought—triumph'd—blooming fell, and died in Victory's

Delusive Glory! at thy shrine
What self-devoted victims bleed!
So, faithless meteors brightly shine,
Yet, follow'd, to destruction lead!

Alas! the ample rolls of time,
In ev'ry age—in ev'ry clime—
In blood-stain'd characters, record
The fatal Triumphs of thy sword;
Yet still the Brave, thy treach'rous charms beguile,
And, prodigal of life, new vot'ries heap the pile!

The wound, a Brother's fate impress'd,
That long a soften'd sorrow leaves,
Scarce clos'd in Pity's feeling breast,
Which still to grief responsive heaves;
When lo!—another shaft is sped;
Brave PRIEUR lies number'd with the dead!
The youthful Hero nobly sought,
In the bright path his Patron taught,
The meed of fame; and by his precepts fir'd,
Grasp'd the "illustrious Palm;" and in that grasp expir'd.

Yet not, brave youth! thy early fate,
Unpitied, undeplor'd—remains;
Nor, from thy present, happier state,
Couldst thou be sooth'd by Sorrow's strains,

This Tribute should thy Shade refuse!
For, tho' the sad elegiac Muse
Deem not,—her pow'r can bid to bloom
Perennial chaplets round thy tomb;
Frail tho' the flow'rs she scatters round thy bier,
There—fadeless wreaths shall spring from Northesk's pitying tear!

Nor, shall thy noble daring, lost,
Be doom'd to dark oblivion's stream:—
Of gallant deeds when Britons boast,
Thy praise shall swell th' inspiring theme!
And, while their youthful sons admire,
And catch thy valor's ardent fire;—
Thy friends, tho' grief suffuse their eyes,
Shall feel the glow of triumph rise;—
And 'mid their Tears, shall blend a conscious pride,
That, by an Hero form'd—you as an Hero died!

STANZAS

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP, THE BRITANNIA.

WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1803.

WHEN first the fam'd BRITANNIA's prow
Dash'd thro' the foaming waves along,
Sea-Gods, and Nereids, round her bow
Swell'd loudly this inspiring song;
" Long, Britannia! shalt thou reign,
" The Pride and Terror of the Main!"

Tho' Squadrons,—tho' the hostile force
Of nations,—thy career impede;
Resistless, still thy daring course,
To Conquest and Renown shall lead:
Long, Britannia! &c. &c. &c.

France, Spain, th' united Naval World,
Quell'd by thy power, shall yield alike;
While, yon imperial Flag, unfurl'd,
No human force shall ever strike!
Long, Britannia! &c. &c. &c.

Still shall some gallant Chieftain lead
To Victory, thy daring band;
Heroes to Heroes shall succeed,
And each a braver Crew command!
Long, Britannia! &c. &c. &c.

Yon sacred Isle, whose Name you bear,
Shall ever great, and free survive;
And thou, her noblest Guardian, share
The Glories, thy Achievements give!
Long, Britannia! &c. &c. &c.

And when,—(a day, the Fates design;)
A bold Usurper threats her coasts;
Thou,—foremost of the British Line,
Shalt hurl destruction on his Hosts!
Long, Britannia! &c. &c. &c.

Then shall thy rescu'd Country breathe
To thy brave Chiefs, her grateful Vows;
And Britain's fairest Daughters wreathe
Fresh Laurels, to adorn their Brows!
Long, Britannia! &c. &c. &c.

But when, at length, the solid Oak,
That forms thy beauteous fabric, lies
Consum'd by Time's resistless stroke,
From Thee a Phœnix shall arise;
Who, thro' succeeding years, shall reign,
The Pride, and Terror of the Main!

LINES

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES,

On his Visit to His Majesty's Ship BRITANNIA, *at Spithead, September* 13, 1803.

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE! belov'd, rever'd,
To every British heart endear'd;
Thy Country's future hope;
Whose patriot Sons, where-e'er you move,
To proud acclaims of joy and love,
Give just, and grateful scope.

Nor less, upon the watery plain,
The noblest Ship, that ploughs the main,
Or spreads th' expansive sail,
Britannia, Guardian of our Land,
Her gallant Chief, and loyal band,
As proudly bid you, *hail!*

Strike! strike the spirit-stirring drums!
Thy much-lov'd Prince, Britannia! comes;
Bid the loud cannons roar!
While answering thunders, thro' the Fleet,
His wish'd arrival gladly greet;
And hail him from the shore!

Welcome! thrice welcome! Conscious pride
And joy, each glowing breast divide,
And Grief and Pain beguile;
To know,—Britannia's Royal Heir
Deigns—make her Naval Sons his care,
And cheer them with his smile!

Not such of late, the shouts were heard,
When prais'd, tho' hated, scorn'd, tho' fear'd,
By Gallia's abject race;
The upstart Idol of an hour,
A base Usurper, made his tour
Thro' minions, still more base!

Hark! hark! athwart the swelling waves
I hear the frantic cries of *Slaves*,
  Their empty threats and boasts;
While *Freedom's* Sons undaunted stand,
Eager to meet them hand to hand,
  On her unconquer'd coasts.

Yes; let them come! if, unpursu'd,
They brave CORNWALLIS' force elude,
  And great ST. VINCENT'S skill;
Led by our Sov'reign's Royal Race,
Whose course unnumber'd heroes trace,
  We'll foil their efforts still!

Their power the Tyrant's rage shall tame;
Whose baffled hosts—defeat and shame
  Shall to their Country bring;
While Britain's Sons, with loud acclaim,
Shall swell each Royal Leader's fame;
  And hail their gracious King!

With glory may his Crown descend;
And you, Great Prince! like him, defend
Our Liberties and Laws:
And long may our BRITANNIA reign,
" The Pride and Terror of the Main,"
And conquer in his cause!

This day may she still festive keep,
Long as her keel divides the deep
Before th' inspiring gale;
Which sees her Prince her deck ascend,
And her brave Chief and Crew attend,
With joy to bid him—*hail!*

BUONAPARTE'S VISION;

OR,

THE SHADE OF WILLIAM TELL.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless Tyrant!
"Horrors freeze thy guilty Soul!
"Tho' by sumless Hosts environ'd,
"Soon thy reign shall reach its goal!

"On the Margin of the Ocean,
"Where yon white Cliffs meet mine eyes,
"Freedom's Sons, with rapid motion
"Rush, to quell thy mad emprize!

"Launch thy vaunted Barks;—to plunder
"Lead thy War-fiends o'er the flood!
"Soon shall Britain's Naval Thunder
"Tinge her Seas with Gallic Blood!

" Empty Boaster!—brave Cornwallis
" Blocks thy ignominious Fleet!
" Tyrant!—near, and sure thy fall is,
" If the Chief thy Navy meet!

" But,—if winds, thy purpose aiding,
" Waft thy recreant Slaves from port,
" Britain's sea-girt Shore invading;—
" Wretch!—thy Triumph shall be short!

" Lo! from far portentous glaring,
" Her unconquer'd Banner waves;
" Round it, generous Myriads, swearing,
" Britons never will be Slaves!

" Near her Coasts in triumph riding
" Tow'ring Ships appal the sight;
" Whose brave Crews, thy threats deriding,
" Loudly claim the promis'd fight!

" In their Van, the fam'd BRITANNIA
" Guards the Isle, whose name she bears;

" Strong to quell Ambition's Mania,
" She the Post of Honour shares!

" But, if Fiends thy Course directing,
" As from Egypt's Coasts of yore,
" From her Seas, and Fleets protecting,
" Land thee safe on Freedom's Shore;

" Thousand thousands on thee rushing,
" Shall thy barbarous Hordes confound;
" And, in general Ruin crushing,
" Drench with Seas of Blood,—the Ground!

" Gallant Britons!—dauntless Spirits!
" Free for ever be your Coast!
" Souls, like those, your soil inherits,
" Once could lost Helvetia boast!

" Lost Helvetia!—on thee turning,
" O my Country!—my sad Eyes;—
" Grief, Despair, and Phrenzy burning,
" In my tortur'd Bosom rise!

" Bloodstain'd Fiend! her Sons to murder
" What could urge thy ruthless sword?
" Gold, nor gems, nor smiling verdure
" Tempted *there* thy ruffian Horde!

" Flocks, and Herds, and Swains to feed 'em,
" On her Mountains bleak, and drear,
" Virtuous Poverty, and Freedom,
" All the Goods, that center'd *there!*

" Sanguine Monster! Gallia's Nero!
" Wanton Slaughters blast thy Fame!
" Crimes, that sink the laurel'd Hero,
" In the base Assassin's Name!

" Yet, tho' trembling Nations fear thee,
" And thy Savage fury dread;
" Sure Destruction hovers near thee,
" Gath'ring o'er thy guilty head!

" Britain's Sons—the Sons of Glory,
" (Vengeance to their Sword belongs,)

" On thy Carcase, pale, and gory,
" Shall avenge Helvetia's wrongs!

" Then, while Fiends thy Spirit meeting,
" Thee on sulph'rous Billows roll;
" Memory shall,—thy Crimes repeating,
" Goad, with scorpion Pangs, thy Soul!

" Freed from *Thee,*—each prostrate Nation,
" Bless'd with Peace, again shall smile;
" And,—with Joy for her Salvation,
" Europe hail yon sacred Isle!

" Yes! reliev'd from their Oppressor,
" By her efforts great and brave;
" Europe's rescu'd Sons shall bless her,
" Strong to conquer—prompt to save!

" Hence I'm call'd, where joys eternal
" Crown the Patriot's toils beneath;
" While for *Thee,* the Fates infernal
" Weave the Crimson Web of Death!

" For,—ere yet the breeze I flit on,
" Mark once more this warning true;
" Fame and Conquest wait on Britain,
" Death, and Infamy, on *You!*"

On the CONSUL's Vision breaking,
The grim Shade of WILLIAM TELL,
This prophetic Warning speaking,
Burst his Slumber's magic Spell!

At the guilt-form'd Spectre trembling,
Dire Alarms his bosom chill;
But,—full soon, his Fears dissembling,
Britain's Shores—his prospects fill!

Tyrant!—yes; desire, but dread them;—
Long to win those fields despair;
For,—if e'er thy Blood-hounds tread them,
Death, and Ruin wait them *there!*

Written in January, 1804.

LINES

ON

THE BRITISH NAVAL VICTORIES,

DURING THE LATE WAR.

WRITTEN IN 1798.

WHILE o'er pale Europe's ravag'd fields,
Grim War his blood-stain'd banners waves;
While *France* her force gigantic wields,
To make surrounding nations slaves;
Britain triumphant rules the azure main,
And gallant NELSON vindicates her reign!

O'er every sea, that girds the ball,
Her awful flag, victorious flies!
Beneath her thunders Tyrants fall,
And Anarchy, astounded, lies!
Her Fleets resistless rule the subject Main,
And vindicate her own, and Freedom's reign!

When, on the blue waves, that divide
Britannia from her ancient foes,
She saw the Gallic squadrons ride,—
The Father of her Navy rose;
Illustrious HOWE, and his heroic train,
Hurl'd shame and death on *France*, asserting Britain's reign!

When, urg'd by Gallia's tyrant sway,
Iberia menac'd Britain's coast,
Intrepid JERVIS led the way
To conquest, o'er her mightier host:
Her pow'r immense, her tow'ring pride were vain,
Shame wrapt her baffled fleets, and Britain rul'd the Main

When forc'd by Gallic influence forth,
His faith the blunt *Batavian* broke;
The conqu'ring Hero of the North,
DUNCAN, to them in thunder spoke!
His thunders drove them from the trembling Main,
And rescued from her foes Britannia's sacred reign!

And when, of late, Ambition led
His fleets to Egypt's fertile shore;
(While Nilus sought his secret head,
Recoiling from th' unusual roar,)
Brave NELSON's valour crush'd th' aspiring train,
And spread to seas remote, Britannia's Naval Reign!

Thus, from th' affrighted *Baltic's* waves,
From the proud seas of *Freedom's* Isle,
The Ocean, that fam'd *Calpe* laves,
And, from the margin of the *Nile*,
Our conqu'ring fleets have driv'n each hostile train,
And wrested from their grasp the *Trident* of the Main!

Long, long, till Time's remotest bound,
May Britain's glory fill the world;
And, may a NELSON still be found,
Where'er her banners are unfurl'd;
To scourge her foes, repel their efforts vain,
And, in their blood assert her Empire o'er the *Main!*

And thou, brave Chief! thy Country's boast,
Accept—no venal Muse's praise!
Each patriot breast on Britain's coast,
Accordant, a just tribute pays;
While *Fame* for thee her choicest chaplet twines,
And, 'mongst her bravest Sons, thy honor'd name enshrines!

Rejoice, Britannia! favour'd land!
For, lo! upborne on Victory's plumes,
From distant Egypt's wondering strand,
He comes! "the *Conqu'ring Hero* comes!"
He comes! he comes! and Glory flies before,
His Harbinger, and Guide—to thy exulting shore!

Great God! upon whose sovereign Will
The Battle's dreadful Poise depends;
Preserve this favour'd Island still,
From foreign Foes—from treach'rous Friends;
Still by thy aid may she victorious be,
And flourish, virtuous, happy, great and free!

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And, oh! Eternal Pow'r!—restore
To Europe's desolated plains,
The wish'd-for Boon! Confine once more
The Fiends of War with tenfold chains!
Bid halcyon days return, bid Discord cease,
And bind the Victor's Brow with the fair Wreath of Peace!

ROBESPIERRE'S VISION.

THE sun, 'midst hurtling clouds, declin'd
O'er proud Lutetia's towering height;
And, whirl'd by hollow gusts of wind,
Black shades involv'd the car of night.

Through these, as umber'd moonbeams pierce,
Dire spectres, dreadful shapes appear;
And plaints of woe, and yells more fierce,
Incessant burst on horror's ear.

The raven croaks in accents hoarse,
And scents from far his feast of blood;
And sullen sounds the frequent corse,
Plung'd in the Seine's ensanguin'd flood.

Then, on his couch of pomp and fear,
Convuls'd by guilt's distracting throes,
Lay " tiger-visag'd Robespierre,"
And vainly courted calm repose.

Round the Usurper's palace-gate,
His blood-stain'd guards innumerous move:—
Not such on Britain's Sovereigns wait;—
Their firmest shield—a people's love.

Long he invok'd the balmy Power,
In Lethe's dews his eyes to steep:
At length, at midnight's awful hour,
His wearied body sunk to sleep.

Yet then, the busy fiend's controul
His wild distorted looks betray'd;
And, flashing on his conscious soul,
Arose his murder'd Prince's shade.

Silent awhile the phantom stay'd;
His aspect, mingled passions spoke;

Then, while his murderer he survey'd,
These words, like distant thunder, broke!

" Can sleep, detested Monster! soothe to rest
" The scorpion pangs, that goad thy guilty breast?
" Can pomp and power, usurp'd through seas of blood,
" By thee, and thy dire hell-hounds spilt,
" Lull the remembrance of thy guilt;
" Or give to *Thee* the slumbers of the *Good?*
" Oh! no: though sleep may close thy eyes,
" Around thy couch vindictive furies scowl;
" The manes of ten thousand murders rise,
" And scare oblivion, and for vengeance howl!

" The barbarous slaughter of thy rightful Lord
" Heav'n might forgive, and penitence atone;
" But, why still thirsts for blood thy reeking sword?
" Alas! what have my wretched people done?

" To *thee,* to *thee,* for pity shall *I* plead,
" Whose savage nature never learn'd to feel?
" Yes! in my subjects' wounds again I bleed:
" For *them,* ev'n to my murd'rer would I kneel!

" Alas! in vain:—nor pity, nor remorse,
" That tiger-heart has ever known;
" Which grimly smiles o'er Virtue's mangled corse,
" And triumphs in her dying groan!

" Rise! rise, ye fiends! ye furies fell!
" Hence pity—for a wretch like this!
" Bear him in flames to his allotted cell,
" The lowest depths of hell's abyss!

" There, where hope never waves her wing,
" Ev'n by the common damn'd abhorr'd,
" For ever goad with scorpion-sting
" The murd'rous wretch, who slew his king,
" And in his country's bowels plung'd a Sword!"

Frowning the Monarch spoke, and round his head
Flam'd lambent glories, as the vision fled!

Convulsive heav'd the Tyrant's breast,
And stifled groans imperfect burst;
Yet still, by sleep's reluctant force oppress'd,

Dire visions hover'd o'er his head,
And harrow'd up his soul with dread:
Such terrors ever wait round Murder's couch accurs'd!

And lo! an angel-form succeeds,
And loose her waving ringlets stream;
With her, a blooming boy she leads;
Such *Venus*, and her Son might seem.

Who can that heav'nly face forget,
Of mortals once the loveliest fair?
'Tis beauteous, injur'd Antoinette,
And murder'd Louis' hapless Heir.

See! while the wretch the Princess views,
A glow of anger flush her cheeks;
Which deeper tints of scorn suffuse,
As with indignant voice she speaks.

" Hither turn, dire Monster! turn!
" And view the trophies of thy sword!
" Still could thy breast for slaughter burn,
" Unsatiate, by my murder'd Lord?

" What tho' thy arts to death suborn'd
" An helpless female, and her child;
" Thy impotence of rage they scorn'd,
" And triumph'd o'er thy vengeance wild!

" In vain to *Thee* could beauty plead,
" And infant innocence implore?
" Yet, pitying nations mourn'd the deed,
" And unborn myriads shall deplore!

" While on thy head, whose fate impends,
" Mankind shall silent curses heap;
" Fear cloud thy days, and madd'ning fiends
" For ever haunt thy tortur'd sleep!

" Scorn shall thy bloated corse pursue,
" And Vengeance pour her fiercest ban;
" While Nature shall the Monster view,
" And shudd'ring, doubt to call thee—Man!

" I see, I see, th' approaching shock,
" Shall bid thy reign and life expire!

" Bind him, ye Furies! to his rock,
" With chains of adamant and fire.

" And ever may th' undying worm
" Upon his vitals prey for food;
" Who sham'd a murder'd Princess' form,
" And shed her Son's and Husband's blood!"

The Spectres vanish'd into air;
Loud Thunders echoed through the skies,
And frequent flash'd the lightning's glare;
While fancied Dæmons seiz'd their prize!

Such visions haunt the midnight hour
Of Regicides, on beds of state;
Nor can the iron hand of power
Controul a suff'ring people's hate!

Far diff'rent scenes the couch enclose,
Where Britain's much lov'd Sovereigns rest;
" For Virtue pillows their repose;
" And blessing others—they are blest!

NOTE.—I am aware, that I have committed an Anachronism in the above Poem; as the execution of the Usurper Robespierre was prior to the death of the young King. The circumstance is however inconsequential: I conceived, the introduction of the Child with his royal Mother would heighten the general effect; and I was more anxious for this, than for a strict adherence to historical or chronological fact.

L. H. HALLORAN.

THE LAWYER'S DREAM.

THE business of the courts was done;
Dispatch'd the dinner's genial meal;
And slowly o'er the setting sun
The shades of Eve began to steal;
When *Qui-tam*, in his flannel gown,
Red slippers and green velvet cap,
In cushion'd elbow-chair sat down,
Intent to take his wonted nap!
(Qui-tam, of all the legal class,
Was then for shrewdness most in vogue:
For though *Sharps* reckon'd him—*an Ass*,
Flats found him, to their cost, *a Rogue!*)
Long time he mus'd on causes tried,
And all the business of the day;
While on the table, by his side,
Th' unfinish'd port and parchments lay.

At length his elbow guest, Old Nick,
On his left side appear'd to rise;
And, bent to play his friend a trick,
Wav'd Morpheus' poppies o'er his eyes.
The Lawyer own'd the potent spell,
Sunk back, and soon began to snore;
While Mammon, with a sulph'rous smell,
Whip'd through the key-hole of the door!
Echoed the boding night-owl's screams,
The fire burn'd bluer than before;
And sullen, on the neighbouring Thames,
Was heard to dash the frequent oar.
When lo! beneath the Lawyer's nose,
(A scene, unform'd his mind to ease,)
Incens'd, the threat'ning Shades arose
Of Clients, humbug'd of their fees.
He sweats, he groans, with terror pale,
As if the Nightmare's weight oppress'd him;
When wielding a tremendous flail,
An angry *Farmer* thus address'd him:
" Why, dang it, Measter Lawyer Qui-tam,
" How is't, defendants gain'd the suit?

" Did you not swear, if I'd indict 'em,
" You'd get the cause and costs to boot?
" How haps it then, false, lying elf,
" That I've been fleec'd, and hiss'd, and hooted?
" And while you pouch'd the gold yourself,
" Your Client's ruin'd, and nonsuited?
" Sent I for this, each varying season,
" Geese, turkies, fowls—huge hampers cramming?
" Whose ghosts shall rise, with bloody weazon,
" And plead in court to seal your damning!
" Meantime (a truce with gifts and flattery;)
" And tho', mayhap, with oaths you'll threaten
" Your action of *assault* and *battery;*
" I'll gee thee, with my flail, a sweating."
His shadowy flail the Farmer plied,
Relentless, as if threshing bran;
While Qui-tam winc'd, and writh'd, and cried,
Before the visionary man!
This dreadful Spectre scarcely fled;
While yet his frame with terror shook;
A direr phantom rear'd its head,
A once fair Sempstress—*injur'd Suke!*

She erst applied for Qui-tam's aid,
And, blushing, told her tale of shame;
And crav'd redress for faith betray'd,
And perjur'd vows, and ruin'd fame.
" The cause is good," the Lawyer said;
Bade her again her tale reveal;
And swore, " the Wretch, who wrong'd the Maid,
" Should soon the law's whole vengeance feel."
" 'Twas pitiful," with well feign'd sorrow;
" 'Twas wond'rous pitiful," he cried;
Then bade his Client " call to-morrow;"
And parting, press'd her hand, and sigh'd.
She came, and went, and came, compliant,
Till every guinea was expended;
While Qui-tam kiss'd, and sooth'd his Client;
And vow'd, " *her cause should soon be ended!*"
At length, he gain'd his views upon her,
And triumph'd o'er his wretched prey;
Then cast her, spoil'd of gold and honour,
Just like a loathsome weed away.
Now, with remorse and horror stung,
He views her vengeful Shade arise;

Feels her keen needles pierce his tongue,
And fiery bodkin sear his eyes.
While thus his rest dire tortures mar;
Sudden, by injur'd Susan's side,
The Spectre of a wounded *Tar*
Rose, and in thund'ring accents cried:
" What, ho! damn'd Lawyer! Spawn of Satan!
" Has agent *Nipcheese* settled yet?
" Hand up the *Rhino*, without prating,
" You swore twelve months ago to get.
" What! blast your timbers! quick, break bulk;
" While for yourself you have been carving
" Out of my rights; a shatter'd hulk,
" I have been wounded, sick, and starving.
" Oh! oh! you shiver, sweat, and shrink,
" As thof all hell against you lower'd:
" But fear not—only yield the chink;
" A *Sailor* scorns to thresh a *Coward*.
" What, has he bilk'd you too, my Dear?
" Then, if you only have tried one sort,
" From this cold-blooded Lubber sheer,
" And be an honest Sailor's Consort.

" And if I once in tow shall take you,
" May I be wreck'd on some bleak rock, or
" With this damn'd Imp, when I forsake you,
" Be doom'd to *Davy Jones's* Locker."
Suke smil'd assent,—her griefs dismiss'd;
And, grateful, offer'd thanks and praise:
Jack o'er the Lawyer shook his fist,
And tow'd her off with three *huzzas!*
Sweating, and groaning in the dark,
Lay Qui-tam, impotent to budge;
When enter'd with a light, his Clerk,
" A tall, lean, starv'd, quill driving Drudge."
Soon as he view'd his wretched Master
Distorted, as with deadly pain;
He justly deem'd, some dire disaster
Convuls'd his bowels, or his brain.
And first he gently 'gan to shake him;
Nor yet th' unbroken spell gave place;
Till, more alarm'd, he dash'd, to wake him,—
The *pot de chambre* in his face!
The Lawyer roaring, dripping, swearing,
With frantic haste the stairs descends;

His angry conscience loud declaring,
His course pursu'd by vengeful fiends.
Such dreams, the guilty minds encumber,
Of Knaves, who cheated Clients fleece;
While, as good conscience soothes his slumber,
An honest Lawyer sleeps in peace!
An honest Lawyer!!—A black Swan!!
Pray, is not *this* poetic fiction?
No, Sir! nor speak I but of *one*,
Nor ev'n to *twenty* make restriction.
For I have known above a score,
Who value honour, more than fees;
But as for Sh--rm-n, H-mphr--s, M--re,
I can't include them among these!

TO PETER PINDAR,

ON HIS

NIL ADMIRARI;

A most scurrillous, and indecent Attack on the Bishop of London, and Miss Hannah More.

OFFSPRING of Momus! born of jaundic'd spleen,
Beneath the Machineel's empoisoning dews;
Whose Satires, pointed by the jest obscene,
Abuse, and lies, and ribaldry diffuse;

Whose paltry rhimes while puisnè Critics praise,
And low buffoonery genuine wit misname;
The Dupe of Pride usurps the Poet's bays,
And deems th' applause of fools, the meed of fame.

A Pindar, *Thou!*—As well might we compare
The royal lion to the sportive kid;
A glimm'ring taper to the sun's broad glare,
A pigmy nine-pin to a pyramid!

The Theban Eagle soaring to the sun,
With eye undazzled view'd his mid-day beams;
You, owl-like, Virtue's milder radiance shun,
And, wrapt in darkness, pour your hateful screams.

He, true to merit, eterniz'd the names
Of god-like Heroes in immortal strains;
Your doggrel verse the brightest worth defames,
And fouls the purest streams with Envy's stains.

The bright effusions of his Muse sublime,
While Taste and Genius live, shall ne'er expire;
Thy spurts of malice, thy malignant rhyme,
With infamy shall die before their Sire.

Thou, like thy miscreant Prototype of yore,
Thersites,—chusest for thy Satire's theme,
The wise, the good—a *Porteus*, or a *More*,
But sov'reign scandal thy delight supreme!

Unhallow'd Wretch! when thy detested name,
When all the odious libels Malice rais'd,

Shall be forgotten, or but live to Shame,
And thoughtless Folly blushes to have prais'd;

Their works shall please, instruct, reform mankind;
Their genuine worth, and pure unspotted lives,
Shall leave that just, that honest Fame behind,
Which Art's most lasting monuments survives!

And Thou! if e'er Reflection intervene,
If Grace e'er shed her influence on thy soul;
Anticipate the last, sad, awful, scene,
When shuddering Nature hastens to her goal.

Think, then, the wrongs by patient merit borne,
Shall wring Contrition's agonizing sigh;
And the vain wish, like those whom now you scorn,
With Virtue to have liv'd, in peace to die!

Then while, as all their injuries recur,
You wish each now applauded line unwrit,
Your conscious judgment shall too late prefer
The humblest Virtue to *the proudest Wit.*

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON

HER MARRIAGE.

ACCEPT, sweet Nymph! a Poet's pray'r,
(All a poor Poet has to give!)
May you, as happy, as you're fair,
In Hymen's silken bondage live!

Oh! may this *Sun*, who, from the skies,
Saw you a favour'd Lover bless;
Each year with added lustre rise,
Nor find your mutual transports less!

May *Peace* still pillow your repose,
Her balmy influence round you shed;
Preserve your gentle heart from woes,
And pour each blessing on your head:

May genial love, domestic joy,
And all Heav'n's choicest gifts be yours;
Long, long, your halcyon hours employ,
Nor end, while lengthen'd life endures:

But when, at last, each varied charm,
That now delights the ravish'd sense,
No more each breast with love shall warm,
But age, chill age, shall chase them thence;

Then may Reflection, all the past
With conscious innocence survey'd,
Aspire to joys, that always last,
And beauties, that can never fade.

And you, blest Youth! who now behold,
And praise those charms with lavish tongue;
Oh! think, that Beauty soon grows old,
But Virtue is for ever young.

Think, when the heav'nly charms, that flush
Those cheeks, where varying crimson glows,

That heighten every rapt'rous blush,
  That mock the lily and the rose;

When all those charms shall yield to Time,
  Whose cruel hand too soon destroys,
Her mind shall flourish in its prime,
  Her Virtues heighten all your joys!

Yes, happy Pair! be *Virtue* yours,
  And ev'ry bliss shall be your own;
She in *this* world from woe secures,
  And blesses in the world unknown!

Farewell! and if the Poet's pray'r
  The Pow'rs of Heav'n propitious heed;
Your lives shall pass exempt from care,
  And bliss, immortal bliss, succeed!

NED BRACE,

A SONG,

From the Female Volunteer, a Drama,

BY DR. HALLORAN.

In many a storm, and many a fight,
Ned Brace has borne an active part,
Yet still his conscious mind was light,
For Truth and Honour buoy'd his heart;
And 'midst the storm's, or battle's din,
He felt a peaceful calm within!

'Gainst Frenchmen, and Mynheers, and Dons,
With brave St. Vincent, Howe, and Duncan;
Ned with his Shipmates plied the guns,
Till all were taken, fled, or sunken;
And still 'midst storms, or battle's din,
He felt a peaceful calm within!

Last, with brave Nelson of the Nile,
His starboard leg was shot away;
Food for some hungry crocodile!
What then? his Comrades won the day;
And wounded 'midst the battle's din,
He felt a peaceful calm within!

But now reluctant, lash'd ashore,
By orders, that demand obedience;
Ned ne'er must tempt the ocean more,
Till launch'd by Death for unknown regions;
Yet then, 'mid Fate's appalling din,
He'll meet the storm with peace within!

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY GEORGIANA STANHOPE,

The Infant Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield.

ATTEMPTED IN SAPPHIC VERSE.

SWEET Babe! to bless whose dawning spring,
Haste the glad hours on halcyon wing,
And in their train, auspicious, bring
The wish'd return of *Peace;*
As now, to hail thy blissful birth,
Swell the gay strains of votive mirth;
While opening blossoms crown the earth,
With hope of glad increase;
As now, o'er Europe's ravag'd plains,
No more gigantic slaughter reigns,
But, bound in adamantine chains,
Groan the red fiends of war;
Oh! thus—may *Time*'s perfective pow'r
Mature fair *Hope*'s expanding flow'r;
And nations hail thy natal hour,
Of *Peace,* the rising star!!

And lo! thy day-spring to adorn,
To gratulate thy early morn,—
On emulative wings upborne,
The *Loves* and *Graces* join;
Who, hov'ring round thy downy bed,
Winnow sweet fragrance o'er thy head;
And while their choicest gifts they shed,
Thy silken web entwine!
See! while fond Care each want beguiles,—
Ineffably,—thy parent smiles,
As, soothing with maternal wiles,
She lulls her babe to rest;
Yet bending o'er thy calm repose,
'Midst chasten'd smiles the dewdrop glows;
And, bright as beamform'd gems on snows,
Sinks on her pensive breast!
Sweet, precious drop! which stor'd above,
Th' effusion of parental love,
(The heart, while speechless transports move)
Some watchful Seraph keeps!
Yet oh! be calm'd the joys,—the fears,
Which *hope*,—which *doubt*,—alternate rears;

And, check'd awhile the pleasing tears,
O'ercharg'd Affection weeps!
While, with prophetic eye, the Muse
For *thee*, sweet babe! her theme pursues;
And, as the perspective she views,
Opaque to mortal sight,
With faint, but faithful sketch, pourtrays
Th' inspiring prospect, she surveys;
Scenes—that shall gild thy destin'd days,
With varying blessings bright!
As round the mystic *font* divine,
She saw *Britannia's* Sovereigns shine,—
Smile on thy charms with look benign,
And seal the sacred vows;
Their eyes' serene effulgence shed
A lambent flame around thy head;
She view'd the circling glories spread,
And kindle round thy brows!
Then, ere the lustrous symbol fail'd;
The Muse, well-pleas'd, the omen hail'd,
(By mists from human vision veil'd,)
Of promis'd bliss the sign;

To mark the favor'd infant's fate,
Exempt from grief's oppressive weight,
And born, to grace exalted state
With Virtue's rays divine!
Her shall *Hygeia's* influence blest,
With heav'n's own roseate tints invest;
And smiling Candor in her breast
Erect her fairest shrine;
While, as her opening genius blows,
The *Graces* shall a wreath compose,
And *Wisdom's* bays with *Beauty's* rose,
Around her temples twine!
And when, o'erpast gay childhood's years,
Th' accomplish'd, fair *adult* appears,
The loveliest of her lovely peers,
Sweet *Stanhope* shall be seen,
The *cynosure* of courts polite;
Or, when domestic cares invite,
Alike, with milder radiance bright,
Shall gild the tranquil scene!
In *her* shall faithful memory trace
The Mother's soft, attractive grace,

Each varied charm of mind and face,
And elegance of form;
While, in her cultivated mind,
The Father's wit, and taste refin'd,
With feeling, genius, judgment join'd,
Shall heighten every charm!
Yes, lovely babe! the lapse of time
Shall see thee grace thy native clime,
In *merit*, as in *rank* sublime,
Her ornament and pride;
Shall see the virtues of thy line
In thee with added lustre shine;
And *Stanhope*'s traits with *Thynne*'s combine,
In union sweet allied!
For *thee* earth's fairest joys shall bloom;
Nor *Fate* thy promis'd pleasures gloom);
While hov'ring *Love*, with brightest plume,
The festive hour adorns,
When some blest *youth*, thine eyes approve,
Assumes th' eternal wreath of love,
The wreath for thee by *Hymen* wove,
Of *roses*, free from *thorns!*

Oh! then, enclos'd with pleasures bland,
Wealth, title, love, respect, command,
With *pity* let thine heart expand,
Thy melting bosom glow;
Oh! think,—(nor such reflections chase),
" The column's top tho' sunshine grace,
" Affliction groans beneath its base,
" And life-consuming woe!"
Think—while around gay pleasure sports,
And affluence to enjoyment courts,—
Think—of the shed—where want resorts,
And countless miseries blend;
(Nor seek th' emotion to controul;)—
The noblest impulse of the soul
Indulge—" wan *sorrow* to console,
" And be the *wretch*'s friend!"
Then,—when the Bard death shall infold
In peace, beneath the hallow'd mould;
When that—now anguish'd heart is cold,
Which warmly dictates *this*;
Cherish this maxim of the Muse,
" Whoso benevolence pursues,

" Ev'n in this world, just Heav'n endues
" With more, than Monarch's bliss!"
This *sacred truth* the Bard has felt!
He erst—for *others* prone to melt,
To *want* the willing boon has dealt,
And yielded prompt relief;
And still with *Pity's* throes can yearn;
Though *Fortune* has revers'd his urn,
Doom'd him in adverse fate to mourn,
And tun'd his lyre to *grief!!*

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

Page 18, line 1, *insert* I
116, — 4, for *scurrillous*, read *scurrilous*,
— — 7, *for* Machineel's, *read* Manchineel's

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